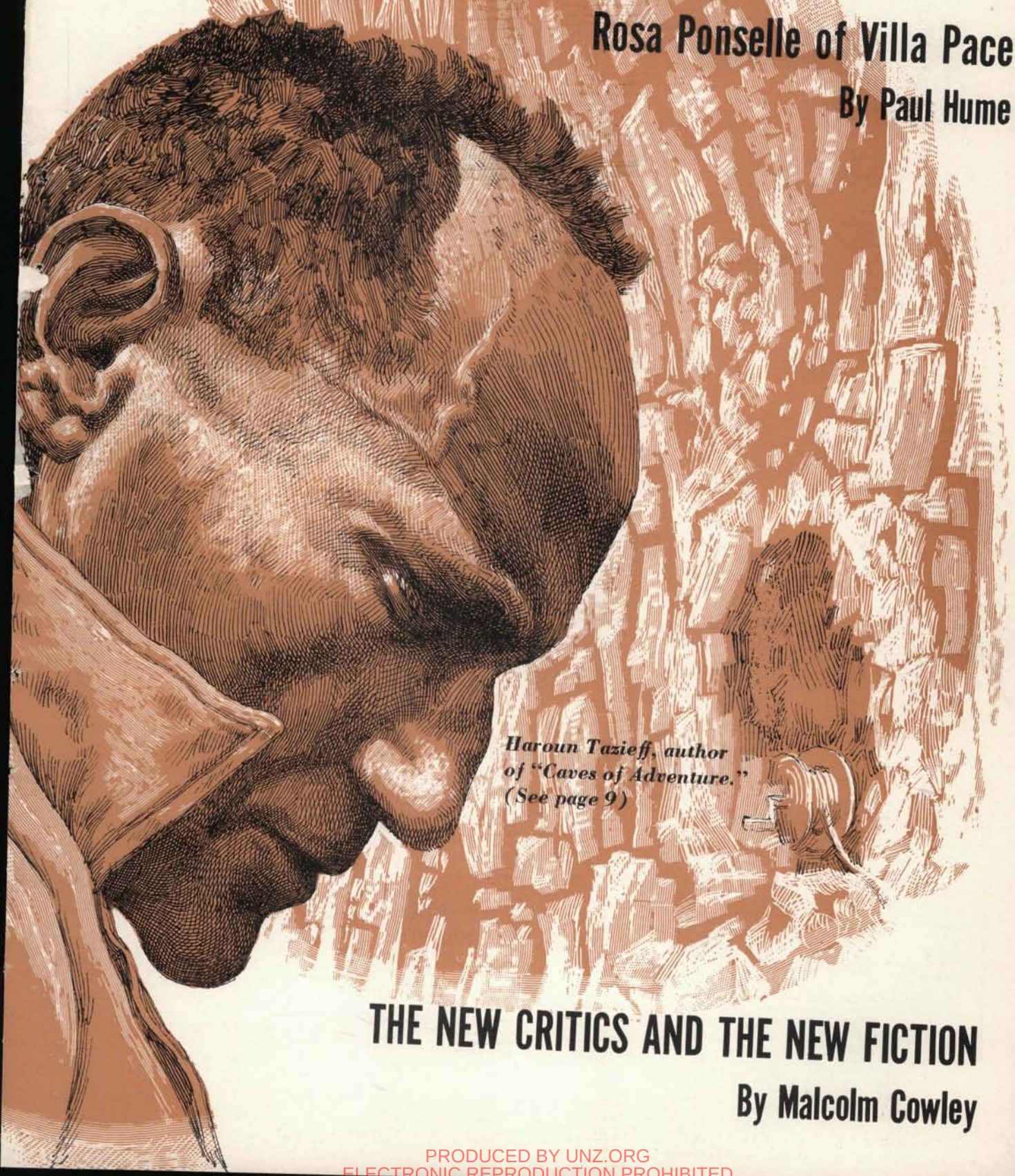
Saturday Review

JULY 25, 1953 / 20¢

Rosa Ponselle of Villa Pace

By Paul Hume



Haroun Tazieff, author of "Caves of Adventure." *(See page 9)*

THE NEW CRITICS AND THE NEW FICTION

By Malcolm Cowley

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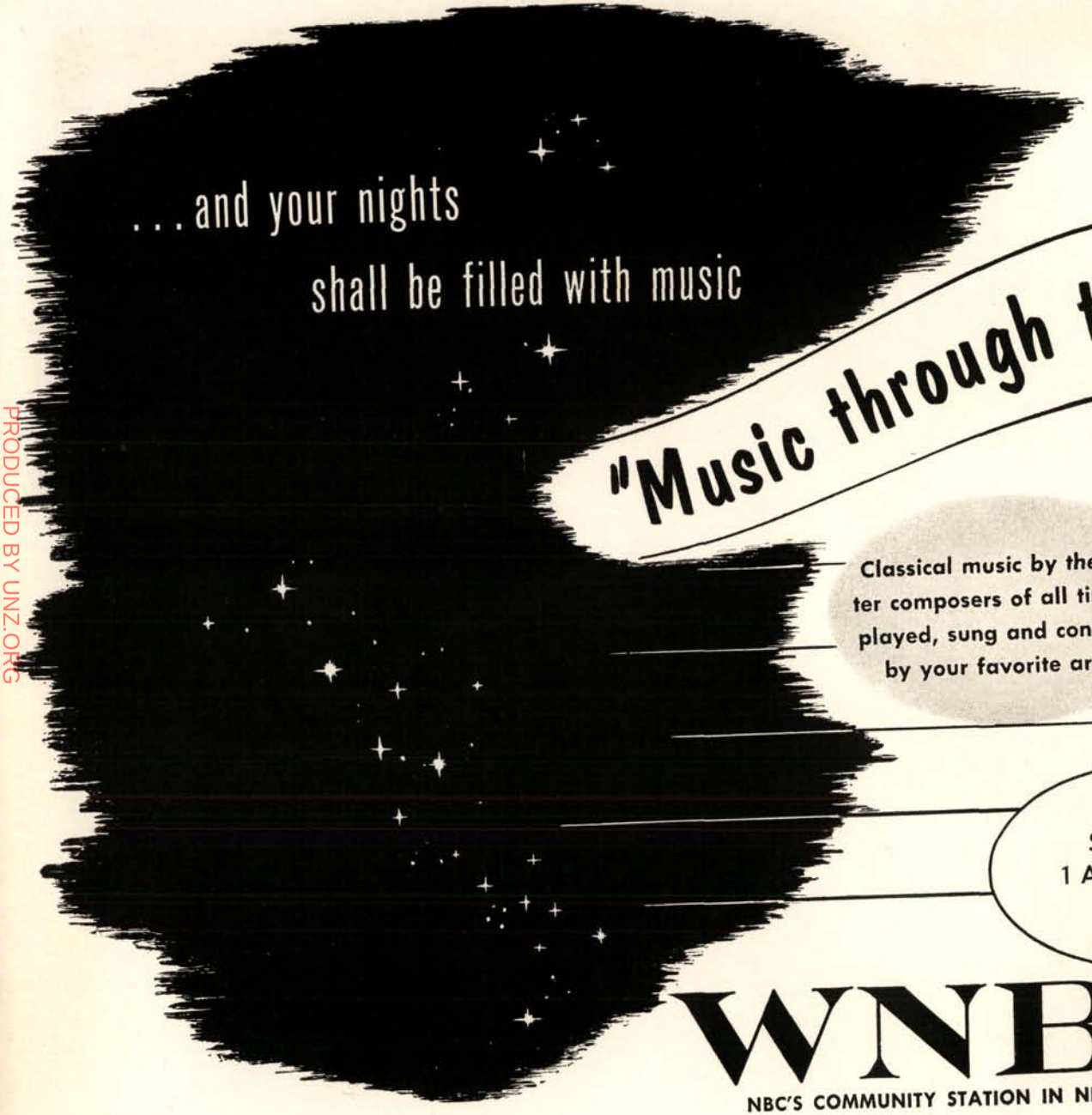

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SR's Library Poll

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue* The Saturday Review *inaugurates a weekly report on books most in demand at public libraries in representative cities around the country. Cooperating libraries will report to* SR *those titles circulating most widely.*

SR's purpose in this weekly poll is to reflect America's current reading tastes as disclosed through democracy's unique bookshelf, the free public library, and also to emphasize the fundamental importance of unlimited access to books in a period when some pressures in our society would unwisely restrict our freedom to read. The most farseeing of the founders of our Republic, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, owned two of the busiest and most famous libraries in the country; as the frontier turned into towns libraries—connected with universities and privately endowed—sprang up everywhere.

THE top books, fiction and non-fiction, reported this week by fourteen libraries were:

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Desirée (F)**
   By Annemarie Selinko
2. **The Caine Mutiny (F)**
   By Herman Wouk
3. **The Second Sex (N-F)**
   By Simone de Beauvoir
4. **The Power of Positive Thinking (N-F)**
   By Norman Vincent Peale
5. **Battle Cry (F)**
   By Leon Uris
6. **Annapurna (N-F)**
   By Maurice Herzog
7. **A Man Called Peter (N-F)**
   By Catherine Marshall
8. **Dark Angel (F)**
   By Mika Waltari
9. **The Silver Chalice (F)**
   By Thomas B. Costain
10. **The Silent World (N-F)**
    By J.-Y. Cousteau and Frederic Dumas

In all, sixty-one fiction and sixty-two non-fiction titles were reported most in demand by the libraries this week. Each library named five fiction and five non-fiction titles. Participating libraries were:

Atlanta (Ga.) Public Library, Boston (Mass.) Public Library, Chicago (Ill.) Public Library, Cleveland (O.) Public Library, Dallas (Tex.) Public Library, Washington (D.C.) Public Library, Los Angeles (Cal.) Public Library, Louisville (Ken.) Free Public Library, Milwaukee (Wis.) Public Library, New York (N.Y.) Public Library, Omaha (Neb.) Public Library, Philadelphia (Pa.) Free Library, and Salt Lake City (Utah) Free Public Library. —W. D. P.

"You don't make milk by stinting on the feed"

Thus simply, Secretary of Commerce Weeks stated in a recent address a profound business truth which is frequently overlooked.

"If the regulated industries are to render their full services to the nation," the Secretary said, "it is my judgment that the regulatory bodies must allow earnings adequate to attract and support the equity capital they can use effectively for economies, improvement and growth." And he observed further that "the courage and inventiveness that risks great sums for improvements and economies in the future does not naturally emerge from men who have not the credit to raise the money nor the assurance that they would be allowed a return on it when their dreams come true."

That has been the situation of the railroads. Earning a return on their investment which over the years has averaged less than 4 per cent, the railroads have not found it possible to attract the equity capital they could "use effectively for economies, improvement and growth."

Nevertheless, by drawing heavily on their reserves and by sharply increasing their obligations for the purchase of equipment on the installment plan, the railroads have put into service since the end of World War II more than 500,000 freight cars and almost 18,000 new diesel-electric locomotive units. For these and other improvements they have spent more than a billion dollars a year.

Such improvements mean not only better service to the public but also more efficient railroad operation, with costs and rates lower than would otherwise have been necessary. And as research opens up other possibilities, there will be other opportunities for railroads to make improvements which will mean still better service at the lowest possible cost.

To take advantage of these opportunities, the railroads will need not only "the courage and inventiveness that risks great sums for improvements and economies in the future," as Secretary Weeks said, but also the cash and the credit which, in the long run, can come only from "not stinting on the feed."

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

You'll enjoy THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

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About this time last year a leading American manufacturer ordered from Doubleday 18,500 copies of Arnold Bennett's book, "How To Live On 24 Hours A Day," to present as Christmas gifts. He had first read the book 40 years ago, he explained. And ever since he has been helped by an annual rereading of it.

¶ This little book was published in 1910 and is still popular. If one excludes theological works, it must be one of the oldest self-help books around.

¶ It is easy to see why it would appeal to a captain of industry, for it is full of hard-headed, sensible advice on how to get more out of life by getting more out of each day.

¶ According to Bennett, we all waste time. We build our lives around our jobs, making all else prologue and epilogue. Most of us throw away five hours every evening (and remember Bennett was writing for people who didn't have the help of television). We spend too much time sleeping, and above all we spend too much time just getting ready to do things.

¶ Bennett sets down some simple rules by which even the least strong-minded can discipline themselves to make better use of their time, and also of their minds.

¶ If you can't find time enough for reading these days, get "How To Live On 24 Hours A Day." And when you order it from your bookseller, ask him for a couple of current books as well.* You'll have time for them after you finish Bennett.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

*We recommend as a good book to read in your new-found time Peter Viertel's novel, "White Hunter, Black Heart," the story of a movie director who had to shoot big game before he could shoot his big picture in Africa. Like "How To Live On 24 Hours A Day," it is published by Doubleday & Company of 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

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Cover Drawing by Douglas Gorsline

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TRADE Winds

YOU CAN'T COPYRIGHT a title, but usually an author is so reluctant to have his heart's blood confused with somebody else's that there is no problem. Parodies aside, you can't imagine any reputable author deciding to call his new book "The Moon Also Rises" or "The Land Around Us" or "The Plums of Wrath"; nor is it likely that any playwright would try to raise nice angel cash for something titled "Lady in the Light," "Twice in a Lifetime," or "Guys and Molls."

These reflections arose at the news that in a couple of weeks Winston will publish a book by Iles Brody dealing with the abdication of King Edward VIII of England. Variously described as controversial or sensational, it is called "Gone with the Windsors."

FAMOUS AUTHORS of the pre-telephone past all seem to have been prolific letter writers, and it's no wonder that just about every publisher extant has on his list a collection of Somebody's letters.

The wonder is that so often the collection proves a Great Author can turn into a pretty dull dog the moment he writes "Dear Sir." Or even "My Beloved."

Pondering this phenomenon, Louis Kronenberger had a notion, three years ago, that there ought to be a new series of letters presenting *not* the letters of great writers, but only the letters of great letter writers. With this distinction firmly in mind, Mr. Kronenberger, who was loafing around being theatre critic for *Time*, lecturing twice a week at Brandeis University, and writing his own satiric novel "Grand Right and Left," began the general editorship of The Great Letter Series, published by Farrar, Straus & Young.

The first volume in the new series, "The Selected Letters of John Keats," appeared in 1951 and was edited by Lionel Trilling, who also wrote a fine typical Trilling essay in introduction; the fifth, to be published next week, is "The Selected Letters of Lord Byron," edited and introduced by Jacques Barzun. And so well introduced that publication was delayed a month from its original June date, because the *Atlantic Monthly* wanted to print Mr. Barzun's essay in its July issue.

In between Keats and Byron three other volumes came out, William Cowper's letters, edited by Mark Van Doren, Horace Walpole's, edited by Newton Arvin, and Thomas Gray's, edited by Joseph Wood Krutch. In January Gustave Flaubert's will appear, with Francis Steegmuller doing the honors, and Mr. Kronenberger has already committed Lillian Hellman to do the same for Anton Chekhov, Diana Trilling for D. H. Lawrence, Leon Edel for Henry James, and himself, the selfish old thing, for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who (it says here in my favorite reference book) not only was famous for her "lively and amusing letters" but . . . "quarreled notoriously with Alexander Pope, and introduced smallpox inoculation into England."

The Great Letters books come in handsome uniform bindings, with handsome uniform dust jackets, selling at a uniform $3.75. They also, says Roger Straus a touch ruefully, uniformly receive lead reviews and critical esteem, and uniformly lose the publishers a handsome amount of money.

THAT FAVORITE REFERENCE book referred to above is "The Reader's Encyclopedia," edited by William Rose Benét and brought out by Crowell in 1948. Subtitled "An Encyclopedia of World Literature and the Arts," it arrived one day, as I remember, in the shape of a Book-of-the-Month Club dividend, and promptly showed itself to be the most satisfying and quickest giver of information about practically anything that could come under that embracing phrase. But it stops with 1948, quite naturally, and if you want to find out when Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" appeared, for instance, or Joyce Cary's "The Horse's Mouth" or who won the Pulitzer or Nobel Prize last year—no soap. It would be nice to hear that a new edition was coming soon.

TRADE WINDS ISN'T SUPPOSED to deal with politics but with books, I keep reminding myself. Yet how the devil can you talk about books these days without finding yourself head over heels in politics?

Please decide for yourself whether TRADE WINDS is talking about books or politics if it reports that Roy M. Cohn, of Cohn and Schine fame, recently refused to appear on a TV program with an author, saying, "Oh, no. He's an author, and therefore a potential witness before our committee. My

Best Seller No Writer Could Write

By THURMAN PRICE

THERE IS A BOOK which cannot be bought in any bookstore—but which has nevertheless run through three editions and sold over 100,000 copies!

This book is "*New Horizons*" and no living man or woman, no matter how talented, could possibly have written it. James A. Michener says of "*New Horizons*," "*Not only a wealth of material, but a take-along 'must' for everyone going out of the country.*"

SHOWN AN ADVANCED COPY, Lowell Thomas prophesied the success of "*New Horizons*" and said, "*Wish I had thought of writing it myself.*" But even versatile Mr. Thomas meant "writing" in its very broadest sense, because "*New Horizons*" gives up-to-date facts on what to see, do, wear and take home from over 900 places on 6 continents.

This book tabulates weather for each country—both for temperature and rainfall—*for every month of the year!* Its pages have been checked not only by the Station Managers in the 83 countries and colonies served by the Pan American World Airways System but also by the tourist offices and consuls of most of the countries covered. There is, so to speak, no one author of this book—*there are close to two hundred!* Furthermore there are 230 unique photographs, not added to pretty up the book but to amplify the facts in the text. There are nine large beautifully-drawn maps, many lesser maps and last, but not least, an INDEX.

THIS BOOK'S Foreword states literal truth when it says: "No one has ever attempted to publish a book quite like this. It is not a 'travel book' in the ordinary sense at all. It does not deal with impressions; it deals with facts."

I would say: If you are going anywhere in the Free World, or are thinking about travelling abroad this year or next, you need this book. Send me one dollar and I will see that you get a copy of "*New Horizons*" postpaid. The one dollar you send me may save you hundreds on your next trip abroad. Address Thurman Price, c/o Pan American World Airways, P. O. Box 1111, New York 17, New York.

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position is like that of a prosecuting attorney. Any author is out."

The quotes are from *Variety* for July 1, in a featured story titled "COHN AND SCHINE TAKE A WALK." It tells quite a tale. Cohn and Schine were scheduled to appear on WOR-TV's forum "America Speaks," on June 27; the subject for debate was "What Is Behind Eisenhower's Speech on Book Burning?" Dr. George N. Shuster, "the noted Catholic layman and prez of Hunter College," was scheduled to appear with them, but seventy-two hours before air time, according to Don Passante, the producer and moderator, Cohn told him, "Not him. We'll appear with anybody but Shuster."

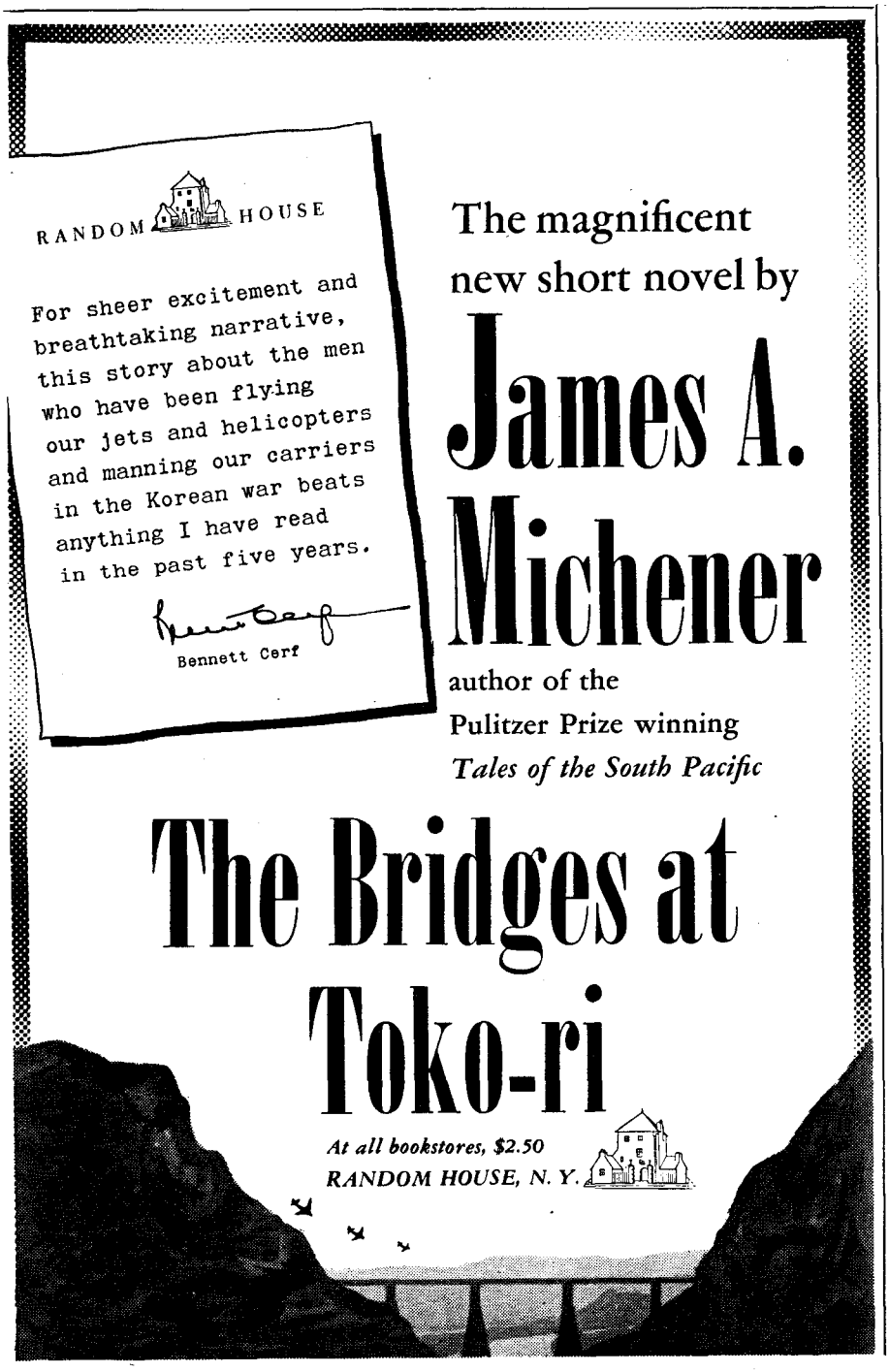
Mr. Passante then canvassed some thirty possible participants and ended by inviting James A. Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post,* who RSVP'd in the affirmative. The next morning Wechsler's name was listed in newspaper TV columns as Cohn's and Schine's opponent on the program, and the duo phoned to say they were "bowing out from the show." All arguments about commitments and crisis failed to budge Messrs. Cohn and Schine, who—according to the show's assistant producer, Jesse Gordon—explained that, after all, they had made only a verbal agreement, that they were going to Florida on Saturday anyway, and that "Sen. McCarthy and the rest of the committee members had wired they could not debate on a TV show with any person who had been a sworn witness before the committee."

At that point, with air time pretty hot on everybody's neck, Mr. Passante asked Cohn and Schine if they would appear provided playwright and novelist Elmer Rice were substituted for Wechsler. That was what elicited the Cohn quote given above about authors, any authors.

As an acceptable substitute Cohn then suggested Hearst columnist Howard Rushmore; the show's producer pointed out Rushmore had appeared before McCarthy's committee. Cohn next suggested Louis Budenz; the producer pointed out Budenz was an author.

Cohn went on to Professor Godfrey P. Schmidt of Fordham University, and it was he who finally did appear with Wechsler. Cohn and Schine were elsewhere.

One final quote I cannot conceivably resist. Jesse Gordon says that, after he "had released details of the imbroglio to the Associated Press, Cohn had phoned him to say, 'I'm plenty mad. Anybody who bothers with me gets hurt.'"


RANDOM HOUSE
For sheer excitement and breathtaking narrative, this story about the men who have been flying our jets and helicopters and manning our carriers in the Korean war beats anything I have read in the past five years.
Bennett Cerf
The magnificent new short novel by
James A. Michener
author of the Pulitzer Prize winning
Tales of the South Pacific
The Bridges at Toko-ri
At all bookstores, $2.50
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

GIVE-AWAY PROGRAM . . . Those bright experimenters, Simon and Schuster, ran an Inner Sanctum newspaper ad the other day, offering to give away a free copy of a new book to the first 200 people who wrote in and asked for it. The book is the new novel "The Mountain," by Henri Troyat of France.

Characterizing their offer as "seemingly philanthropic but actually quite shrewd," S. and S. explained that, since the old-established custom of sending free copies to about 200 booksellers was a custom followed by fifty other publishers too, they had decided to switch the free 200 to potential word-of-mouth propagandists among what used to be called "the reading public." The ad ended, "Absolutely no attention will be paid to neatness, and *everybody* is eligible, including booksellers who happen to see this . . . electrical engineers, authors, television sponsors, housewives, and relatives of EssandEss."

"The Mountain," as perhaps you can surmise, is a tale of Swiss Alp climbing, full of avalanches, crevasses, and breath-held danger. But it is also the work of a distinguished young novelist who won the Prix Goncourt for an earlier novel and, just recently, the Monaco Prize for this new one. "The Mountain" is a short book, and if you happen to be number 201 in the list of applicants you can buy it for a mere old-fashioned $2.50.

—Laura Z. Hobson.

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THE NEW CRITICS AND THE NEW FICTION

Fashionable critical slogans are exerting a baneful influence on contemporary fiction, says the literary historian Malcolm Cowley. Young writers, he argues, are too much influenced by esthetic catchwords. How they have been led astray is the subject of this article.

By MALCOLM COWLEY

THIS is an age of criticism, an age when critics have begun to speak with more authority and influence than creative writers, even though they address a smaller body of readers. The younger novelists listen to them attentively and are in many cases critics themselves. We can therefore learn a great deal about the aims of the novelists by reading such critical quarterlies as the *Kenyon, Sewanee,* and *Hudson* reviews, not to mention a dozen others that are published in university towns all over the country. The quarterlies, with their long critical articles, have taken the place of the little magazines of the 1920's with their experimental stories and poems. All this explains my purpose here, which is to examine the influence of critical slogans on a growing body of American fiction—"the new fiction," we might call it, to reveal its kinship with the new poetry and the new criticism.

A striking feature of book reviews in the quarterlies is that they use a new set of words to indicate praise or disparagement. Today the bad words applied to fiction are *naturalism, liberalism, optimism* (which is either *vague* or *shallow*), *progressive* (usually put in quotation marks), *scientific,* and *sociology.* Among the good words and phrases are *tradition, depth,* or *inwardness, values* (especially if they are *moral* and *permanent*), *irony, formal patterns, close texture, meanings on different levels, symbols,* and *myth.*

Some of the bad words are self-explanatory, but others require a gloss for readers unfamiliar with the new critical language. "Naturalism," for example, has a broader meaning than it used to have in the early days of Dreiser and Frank Norris. It has acquired theological overtones, so that many critics use it to imply the absence of spiritual aspirations and the notion—which the critics condemn—that mankind might be improved by its own efforts, without the intervention of divine grace. The next critical step was to apply the word to every type of fiction that tries to give a realistic picture of human society, no matter what might be the author's method or his point of view. Today any novel with a social or general subject—any novel about the armed services, the slums, Hollywood, Chicago (or any smaller community), a labor union, a business enterprise, or the younger generation—is likely to be dismissed as naturalistic.

THE new fiction is never so dismissed. The new fictionists—I am thinking of authors like Frederick Buechner, Robie Macauley, William Goyen, Truman Capote, Jean Stafford, and dozens of others—seldom write about social subjects or about any human institution larger than the separate family. Customarily, their novels deal with moral crises in the lives of a few individuals in an isolated situation. I suspect that most of them would rather be accused of barratry or subversion than of possessing such formerly innocent qualities as "liberalism," "optimism," or simply of being "progressive."

These bad words, too, require a further explanation. It wouldn't be accurate to say that either the new

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fictionists or the new critics are politically conservative. Many of them are indifferent or ignorant or discouraged about politics, but if they go to the polls they usually cast their votes on the liberal side. The liberal votes are combined, however, with a most conservative vocabulary, which in turn is based on a pessimistic view of human nature.

This last offers a curious contrast with the American mood that prevailed during the nineteenth century and as late as the beginning of World War II. Even the expatriates of the 1920's believed that the world would grow richer year by year and hoped it would stay at peace; they were pessimistic only about the fate of sensitive individuals. The proletarian novelists of the 1930's were furiously hopeful and believed in a revolution that would usher in the golden age. In the 1950's, however, many young writers have come to doubt that society can be improved by human efforts and that men can be educated into virtue. Whether or not they are practising Christians, they talk about original sin and write novels in which evil is treated as an elemental fact like wind or sleet—that is, the best of them write such novels. The worst of them write about evil as if they were using a fashionable lighting effect.

AMONG the honorific words in the quarterly review "irony" is perhaps the most overworked and abused; it is also, in its current usage, the hardest word to define. There was a time when authors could be ironical merely by stating the opposite of what they conceived to be the truth; thus, they would say that Tony Lumpkin was the greatest hero in Christendom when they meant that he was a coward. There was also dramatic irony, defined as the quality of speeches understood by the audience but not grasped by the speakers on the stage; and later there was the fictional irony that was a favorite device of the naturalistic novelists. It was the effect obtained when a character set out for one destination and reached another, for example, when Henry Fleming, of "The Red Badge of Courage," became a hero through running away, and when Sister Carrie Meeber became a great actress through losing her virtue.

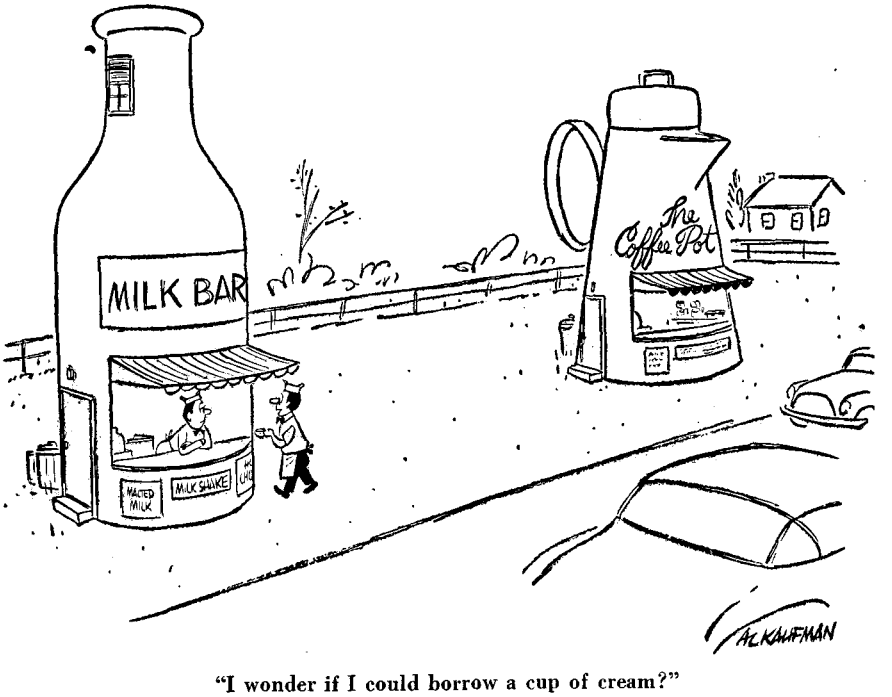
The irony that is often discovered and praised in the new fiction is a vaguer quality, and sometimes I wonder whether the critics or the authors could explain what they mean by it. Apparently it is present at any moment when the novelist's attitude toward the story is complicated or ambiguous. Thus, if he describes the same event from the standpoints of three different characters—as Robie Macauley does in "The Disguises of Love"—and if each of the characters interprets the event in a different fashion, while the author doesn't try to indicate which of them is telling the truth about it, then he is being ironical. He is also taking no risks and is avoiding all arguments with readers who mightn't like his opinions if they were frankly stated. This sort of irony, prevalent in the new fiction, is completely different from satire. One would think that our present society offered rich opportunities to satirists, but nobody is seizing them.

"Symbolism" is another overworked word, not to mention its being a much abused literary device. In this case the new critics and teachers of literature are clearly to blame for what the new novelists are doing. The critics and teachers discovered, or rediscovered, some twenty years ago that many of the classical American novels were full of objects and actions that were intended to convey a whole group of meanings "on different levels," to use the trademarked phrase: there was the literal meaning, and beyond it the moral meaning, and looming in the distance there was the final or anagogic meaning that transformed the symbolic object into a spiritual truth. It became the fashion to write essays and books, to deliver lectures and whole courses on the symbolism of Hawthorne, Melville, or Henry James. Critics tortured themselves to be more ingenious than other critics and soon they were discovering symbols that didn't exist and that the novelist, even in his subconscious depths, had never dreamed of using. A sort of climax was reached with Richard Chase's "Herman Melville," which discovered as many spiritual or anagogic meanings in Melville's two worst novels, "Pierre" and "The Confidence Man," as Swedenborg had been able to reveal in all the books of the Old Testament.

The new novelists joined in the game. Since critics were expounding and praising the use of symbols, novelists determined to furnish the symbols, and in God's plenty—perhaps with the hope of becoming the subject of critical researches in the twenty-first century. The result is apparent in most of the serious novels published during the last five years—and even more apparent, I might add, in the manuscripts now being read and rejected by publishers. They are so full of symbols that the reader feels as though he were stumbling blindfold in a room overcrowded with furniture. If an object seems out of place, you can be sure that the author intends it as a symbol. If an action seems falsely emphasized or out of keeping with the character who performs it, the author regards it as having a symbolic value.

THESE aberrations are sometimes encouraged by critics and teachers, as I learned when attending a summer writers' conference. One novel I was asked to read was about the attendants and patients in a state asylum. The young author had a subject he knew at first hand—he had been employed in the asylum for a year—and he had the beginnings of an effective style; the trouble was that he had no story. His hero went to work in the asylum, met a few schizophrenics with inter-

(*Continued on page* 34)



"I wonder if I could borrow a cup of cream?"

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Speleological Sport and Death

Haroun Tazieff's "Caves of Adventure" *(Harper. 222 pp. $3) records the life-and-death struggles of a group exploring a network of caves beneath the Pyrenees. In reviewing it, Mr. Kalb offers some interesting facts and theories about one of the phenomena of the postwar period in publishing—the surging popularity of books on adventure and exploration.*

By Bernard Kalb

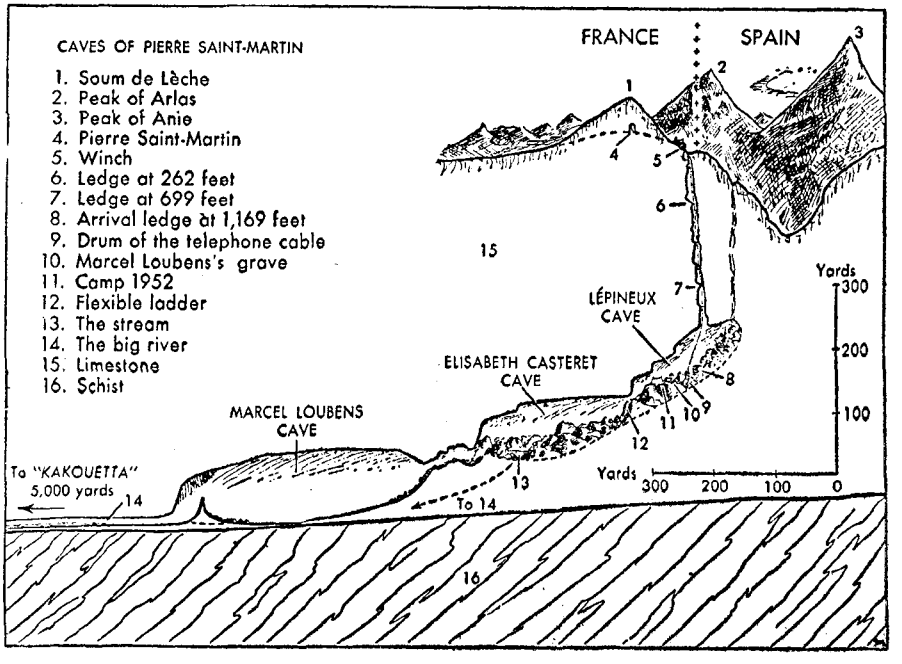
THERE isn't a mountain around these days that is safe. Or a sea. Or a cave. One after the other, the Himalayan summits, the Mediterranean depths, the interiors of the Pyrenees have been converted into stamping grounds of sorts, to the extent that in Central Asia during the last ninety days things have been a little crowded 25,000 feet up. *Two* men chatted for a couple of minutes on Mt. Everest's peak, the world's highest at 29,002 feet, on May 29. Thirty-six days later one man made it to the top of Nanga Parbat—at 26,660, mountaineering's second highest ascent. Today American climbers are inching up the slopes of K-2, their eyes on the 28,250-foot-high crest. The fact is that man, restless in his asphalt surroundings, has stepped into the ring with nature repeatedly over the last few years to emerge with an armful of trophies—the vanquishing not only of Everest and Nanga Parbat but of Annapurna as well, the exploring of a civilization hidden by the sea, and the reconnoitering of the black vacuums below the earth.

The number of men who have participated in these outbursts of courage can just about be counted on the fist-sized toes of half-a-dozen "Abominable Snowmen," a clan of odd characters said to inhabit the Himalayans. Yet the 158,848,000 of us abandoned in the United States have nonetheless been able to share their uncommon experiences, the result of triumphant, intimate reporting. With Maurice Herzog, it was "Annapurna"; with Captain J.-Y. Cousteau, "The Silent World"; with Thor Heyerdahl, the Polynesians via "Kon-Tiki"; and with Haroun Tazieff, "Caves of Adventure."

Tazieff's book—an account of the extraordinary discovery of a network of caves 2,000 feet deep in the Pyrenees—is the latest in a series of personal adventures dealing in the conquest of nature that, lately, has been jamming the book shelves. Adventure and nature, it seems, are currently among the hottest items on the book market, proof that the world around us is just as salable as a décolleté novel. Indeed, adventure is so much in the news these days that *The Washington Post*, a newspaper that in the past has pretty much confined its reconnaissances to Capitol Hill, carried off a satirical coup a few weeks back. It seems that *The Washington Star*, an enemy, began carrying a serialization of "Annapurna"; the *Post*, caught mountainless, promptly dispatched an expedition of its own to a summit in the District of Columbia's backyard—"the highest mountain in the Rock Creek Range, Goat Mountain the Impregnable, the Queen Mother (or Dowager Queen) of Sixteenth St." Goat Mountain, the dispatches sent by wig-wag signal breathlessly pointed out, was all of forty-five feet high.

Haroun Tazieff's "Caves of Adventure" is an interesting, if somewhat hurried, report on the French team of speleologists—potholers, in plain talk—who in 1951 and 1952 descended a couple of thousand feet into the Pyrenees along the Spanish-French border. There, in a world composed of rock, water, and avalanche-obsessions, they turned up a series of caves large enough to serve as a wrapping for Notre-Dame de Paris. These Caves of Pierre Saint-Martin—they look like a string of enormous sausages—led to a subterranean river, the goal of the more practical men behind the expedition, who instantaneously envisaged a hydroelectric plant that could produce a highly respectable number of kilowatts. Although the 1952 exploration was a practical success, it was not without catastrophe. Marcel Loubens, a young, footloose speleologist who was a kind of Columbus of the Pyrenean underpinnings of the 1951 expedition, plummeted thirty-five feet deep below the earth when a metal pin on the cable on which he was suspended snapped. The newspapers last summer were full of the struggle to save Loubens, 1,200 feet below. Much of Tazieff's story deals with him.

TAZIEFF, a Pole by birth (Warsaw, 1914) and a geologist by profession, is a gentleman who has gone out of his way in pursuit of adventure—at the crater of Stromboli, underwater with Cousteau, between the boulders deep in Earth. He joined the Pierre Saint-Martin expedition as its photographer; unfortunately, his equipment got jammed after days and days in the cold, wet underground, and he never did shoot all the pictures he'd hoped. As for the life of a potholer, Tazieff didn't have much to say for it after the 1951 expedition. An adventurer through and through, however, he joined the 1952 team—driven by "the most active of yeasts—the lure of the unknown." His book is a testament not only to Loubens, it is among the world's first accounts of the world



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below: as such, it is unusual reading, though it might have been even more so if Tazieff's literary ability compared with only a fraction of his courage.

The lure of the unknown? Of suspense? Of a subterranean stroll at 83? Whatever the reason, there is no doubt about it—adventure sells. Since September 5, 1950, publication day of "Kon-Tiki," the first major exploration book in the postwar period, it has sold 533,251 copies over the counter and through book clubs in the United States alone; altogether, including the copies translated into approximately thirty languages and into Braille, sales have reached 2,230,000, to quote Rand McNally & Co., its publisher. (It is interesting to note that Rand McNally, headquartered in Chicago, took Heyerdahl's manuscript only after it had been rejected by one New York publishing house after another.) "Annapurna," which appeared last January 9, has run up a sale of 70,000 copies, excluding book-club sales, according to E. P. Dutton & Co., its publisher. "The Silent World," a Harper book which came out less than a month later, has sold some 55,000 copies—again, book-club sales excluded. Nor, it would seem, is success confined to personal adventure; the adventure of natural history, recounted in the glowing prose of Rachel L. Carson, is evidently enough to turn the trick. Her "The Sea Around Us," since its appearance on July 2, 1951, has sold 285,857 across-the-counter copies, according to Oxford University Press, its publisher. Book-club sales boost the U.S. total alone to 400,000-plus.

THESE happy statistics are exactly the kind that prompt publishers to stalk the country from one end to the other in search of explanation. The publishers, it turns out, have amassed a batch of explanations, many of them constructed on the word "vicarious." A man at Dutton's, in a sociological mood, remarked the other day, "People buy adventure because it gives them a sense of vicariously participating in something thrilling, something dramatic. It lifts them right out of a rush-hour subway to the icy peaks of the Himalayas. There is truth in adventure. People respond to the real." Looking out of his fourth-story window, he went on to predict, "Nineteen-fifty-three will be a mountain year, definitely," then wound up with the observation that there wasn't much good fiction these days anyway.

A man at Harper's echoed that view. After tossing off the "vicarious" explanation, he said, "Most modern novels have no scope. They remind

(*Continued on page* 31)

A Female Nata-Photo-Ichthyologist

Eugenie Clark's "Lady with a Spear" *(Harper. 243 pp. $3.50) relates a young woman scientist's experiences in collecting marine specimens by goggle-diving. Mr. Douglas, who reviews it here, descended in diving dress to observe many of the undersea conditions described in his own book, "The Story of the Oceans."*

By John Scott Douglas

AS THE research project required for her master's degree at New York University, Eugenie Clark chose plectognaths, the group of fishes which includes the great tailless ocean sunfish, the porcupine blowfish, the triggerfish, and the poisonous puffer. After specializing in ichthyology and oceanography at the Michigan Biological Station, she became the research assistant of Dr. Carl L. Hubbs of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography at La Jolla. There, in California waters, she learned to dive with helmet or goggles while hunting specimens with a spear. "Lady with a Spear" recounts her experiences pursuing and spearing fish in the West Indies, along the Florida and California coasts, in Micronesia and the Red Sea.

Eugenie Clark never quite recreates the weird color of the submarine world to the extent achieved by Captain J.-Y. Cousteau in "The Silent World" or by Philippe Diolé in "The Undersea Adventure." By somewhat minimizing the drama of her brushes with very real dangers, her story fails to attain the adventurous pitch of Hans Hass's studies of the habits of sharks in "Diving to Adventure" and other books. Yet despite undue restraint at certain points, "Lady with a Spear" is one of the most illuminating glimpses ever given a reader into the everyday life of a modern marine scientist.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Eugenie Clark—"lovely, dark-eyed."

What makes this account absorbing reading is the sense of participation Dr. Clark imparts to a reader. Even those who prefer to eat rather than read about fish can share a child's enthusiasm for aquaria, and it was this childhood enthusiasm that eventually led "Genie" Clark into making substantial contributions to our knowledge of a little-known group of fishes. The way to these accomplishments, however, was seldom easy. Eugenie flunked zoology while making her mark in ichthyology. She sweltered endless hours in an overheated museum greenhouse, eyes glued to the glass side of an aquarium, in order to observe swordtails and platies and prepare a Kinsey report on their courtship habits.

We have a clue to the girl's determination when a faulty hose connection nearly caused her to strangle for lack of air on her first helmet dive at Scripps; Eugenie rested briefly, then dived again lest she lose her nerve. She had become quite adept in taking fish with a spear when the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service started her toward the Philippines as an oceanographical chemist in 1947, and then left her stranded, without passport, in Hawaii. Washington authorities never explained whether their change of heart came about because they thought a lovely, dark-eyed girl might distract the otherwise male contingent of scientists she was to accompany, or whether she was considered a poor security risk because of her generous dash of Japanese blood.

Another girl might have taken this as a strong hint that her place lay in an obscure research position. But Eugenie, with greater determination, returned to the States for two additional years of training and the doctorate degree that would still all nervous doubts about a lady scientist of mixed blood lines.

Then as Dr. Clark, and unencumbered by distractable males, she set

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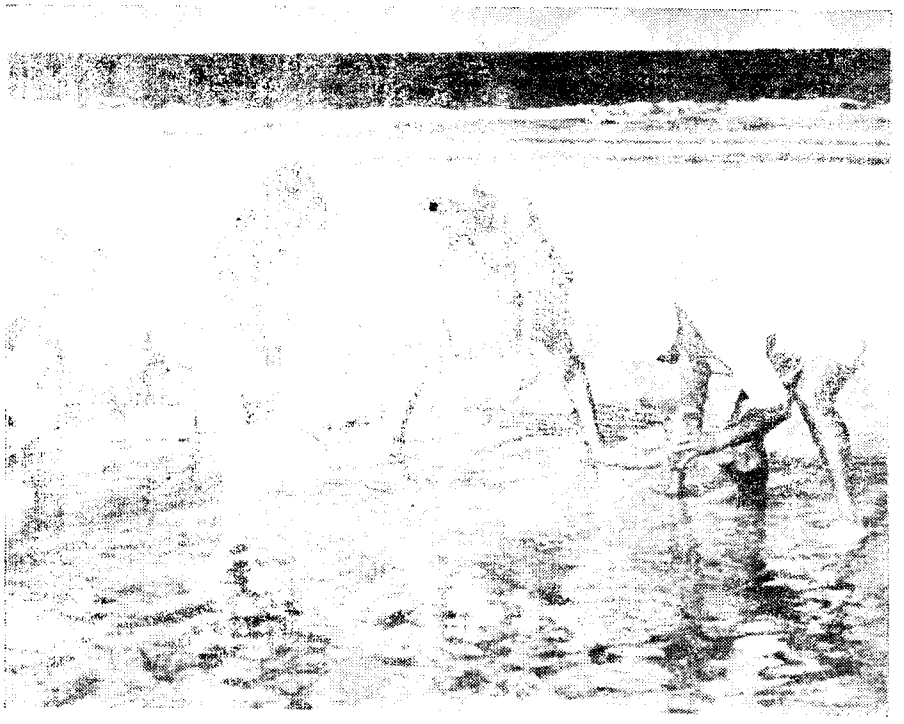
forth alone under the weighty auspices of the Pacific Science Board, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Museum of Natural History to study the poisonous fishes of Micronesia. On this and on two subsequent expeditions, she collected specimens (including previously unclassified plectognaths) in the Marianas, Palaus and Caroline islands and from the Red Sea.

AT times Eugenie gathered specimens by poisoning tidal pools with rotenone. More often she and her native companions pursued fish underwater, capturing their prizes with spears in submarine crevasses or along fringing coral reefs. Frequently the young woman would then labor until past midnight writing descriptions, preparing and packing the fish she shipped either to museums or to the laboratory which analyzed them for toxic content. (Though every family of plectognaths has some suspect members, the most poisonous, apparently, is a large blowfish of the Carolines which makes a delicious but lethal meal.)

Dr. Clark's devotion to science never overshadowed her human qualities. She banished the distrust of a native Guam fisherman by sharing his luncheon of raw squid—a food many of his own people would not eat uncooked. The loyalty of Siakong—the betel-chewing, wife-beating drunkard who was the best spearfisherman in the Palaus—was in no small part due, we gather, to Genie Clark's willingness to face equal risks from barracudas, sharks, and gigantic "man-eating" clams. Miss Clark won the friendship of his native sisters of Kayangel Island by a game but disastrous attempt to chew betel nut; but she was less highly regarded by the grass-skirted Ulithi women, who considered her shorts immodest and her bra superfluous.

Dr. Clark was the first ichthyologist in seventy years to make any comprehensive study of Red Sea marine life. Never wholly immersed in her own scientific efforts, however, she found time to explore with the Marine Biological Station director, Dr. Gohar, the possibilities of utilizing the sea's bounty of fish to increase the food resources of Egypt.

This warm, lively, and informative account of a young scientist's work and problems is likely to make readers so partisan to Genie Clark that they will rejoice when the Greek doctor she had reluctantly left in New York comes to Egypt to win her hand. The lady goggle-fisherwoman and her doctor husband, rightly enough, spent their honeymoon spearfishing in the Red Sea.



—From "Lady with a Spear."

Employing native helpers to sift for tiny creatures on a tidal shore.

To Tweak a Lion's Nose

Robert C. Ruark's "Horn of the Hunter" *(Doubleday. 315 pp. $5.95) recounts what happens when a columnist from the wilds of Manhattan's saloon belt goes hunting big game in Africa. The illustrations are commendable.*

By J. M. Flagler

CONTRARY to what you may gather from the papers, Africa is not all Mau Mau uprisings and the *apartheid* question and a continent awakening in ferment. There is still the Africa of the white hunter and big-game safaris, just as in Francis Macomber's time. True, this Africa is beginning to seem a bit quaint and may soon be dated as a subject, but Robert C. Ruark has managed to slip in under the line with "Horn of the Hunter."

Ruark makes it quite plain he has no truck with ferment. He subtitles his book "The Story of an African Safari," and writes in an author's note: "This is a book about Africa in which I have tried to avoid most of the foolishness, personal heroism, and general exaggeration which usually attend works of this sort. It is a book important only to the writer and has no sociological significance whatsoever." There is absolutely no quarreling with the last sentence.

One impressive thing about "Horn of the Hunter" is Ruark's emergence as an illustrator. (He is perhaps better known as the *premiere* columnist and professional cynic of the Scripps-Howard syndicate.) There are thirty-two pen-and-ink sketches of African life by the author, showing that he is a deft and competent artist with a keen eye for detail and expression. Unfortunately, he has not expended the same talents on the narrative, which often reads as if he might have dashed it off on top of an upturned steamer trunk while waiting to clear customs.

Ruark never makes it quite clear just why he decided to go on a safari except to mumble something about how a man ought to face a lion once in his life. Nevertheless, there he is trekking through Tanganyika with his golden-blonde wife, a twenty-seven-year-old professional guide, and the standard retinue of native bearers, scattering wisecracks and tough talk through the underbrush like buckshot.

The safari started out at Nairobi, Kenya, and made camp at several different locations in British East Africa, although the reader is never exactly sure where they are at any given time. Maps do not accompany

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—By Robert Ruark for "Horn of the Hunter."

". . . still the Africa of safaris."

the text and clarity is not Ruark's long suit. He takes the attitude that you're either with him or the hell with you, five-ninety-five a copy or no.

Occasionally, when Ruark drops his pose, there is some good stuff about game-stalking and shooting, and even some information about the dwindling breed of professional white hunters. There are only a handful of them left, most of them youngsters in their twenties and thirties, and you have to book up with the better safari companies five years in advance to get one of them. It's a dangerous, punishing game, there's no money in it, and you have to put up with some mighty curious clients.

Rather than discovering an exciting new world, Ruark has brought his own world to Africa. Since, to judge by the repeated references, his own world is apparently bounded by Toots Shor's on the west, the Stork Club on the east, "21" on the north, and perhaps Roy Howard on the south, the clash of cultures is sometimes startling.

Ruark's problem appears to be that he is torn between humor and Hemingway. It is his conceit to be consciously ungrammatical—a device as new as Petroleum V. Nasby—and at the same time as sophisticated as the latest saloon society *patois*, yet. On the other hand, Ruark professes the deepest admiration for Hemingway, and his style often threatens to become a parody of the Master. The Lord save him from his friends these days.

FICTION

Triumvirate in Tradition

Phyllis Bentley's "The House of Moreys" *(Macmillan. 283 pp. $3.50),* ***Sylvia Thompson's "The Candle's Glory"*** *(Little, Brown. 209 pp. $3.50), and* ***Rose Thurburn's "The Colour of the Glass"*** *(William Morrow. 222 pp. $3.50) are the latest novels of three English women whose work is often less seriously evaluated than it deserves.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

RIGHTLY or wrongly, the most sophisticated British and American writers about English fiction have passed over lightly the work of Phyllis Bentley, Sylvia Thompson, and Rose Thurburn. Miss Bentley's many and frequently popular novels are dismissed with the faint praise that they are "solid." The fourteen novels of Miss Thompson that have followed the best-selling "The Hounds of Spring" are enumerated rather than praised. Miss Thurburn's second novel, though it has, like her earlier "The Wilderness Is Yours," been reviewed both kindly and enthusiastically, has not earned her as yet much reputation with those who are supposed to be in the know.

For any reader who knows the history of unpredictable falls and rises on what Malcolm Cowley has called the literary stock exchange, such opinions do not necessarily carry much weight. Cary comes up and James comes down; Hemingway rises and falls and so does Faulkner. Miss Bentley's "solid" reconstruction of Yorkshire life may not be outmoded, though it does not fit the contemporary mold. Miss Thompson's delicate manipulation of detail may displease those who require Miss Bentley's firmly established story line. Miss Thurburn's subtlety, that is compromised by her tendency to let some of her tragic characters succeed as if they were conventional people, may make many underestimate both her promise and her fulfilment. In their indubitable sincerity and manifest talent, these three may deserve praise they have received too stintedly.

Miss Bentley's latest novel, "The House of Moreys," is admirably plotted, creditably written, and destined for a large sale if it is adequately publicized for its more sensational elements. Told from the point of view of a woman whose most significant experiences finished when Queen Victoria was crowned, it concerns the perennial difficulties of the sensitive and cultivated who are hurled into contact with the presumedly uncouth. Eleanor, a poor girl who deserves and was cheated out of high station, comes to crude nineteenth-century Yorkshire from sophisticated London. She uncovers the sensitivity of the apparent lout Jacob, befriends the misunderstood child Dickie, marries and reforms her cousin Charles, who is better than he seems in his frequently drunken condition. Rather ordinary, you may say, and you may be right. Still Yorkshire, a story as exciting and as well told as a good mystery, some sense about the rich and the poor any place—all these are here in addition to a realistic recreation of what it was like in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century.

But Miss Bentley does not go very deep (I think). Her characters can be forgotten more easily than her plot because they seem, like her scenery, as much like something out of the Brontës as something she wrote from absorbed experience, as she did in such books as "Inheritance." Pleasure, yes; illumination, no. A good summer book (no negligible thing) and a book you're not likely to reread this winter as you might some of Miss Bentley's others.

IF you like a fine sensitivity to the little things that may make life bearable or unbearable added to a genuine concern about the failure of faith in our time, Sylvia Thompson's "The Candle's Glory" will please you. The candle that casts ambiguous glory is Mary Fanshawe, who is killed in an airplane accident early in the novel but does not cease to affect the lives of those she has known. Lovers, childhood friends, and mere acquaintances from England, France, and America find themselves affected by Mary Fanshawe and in the interplay of happiness and unhappiness she is quite as important as any of those who continue to live.

Miss Thompson intends more than Miss Bentley, achieves in some ways less. Her novel touches upon the lack and loss of daily religious faith, upon the modern temper, upon what it is to be oriented or disoriented in our

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time. Although her props sometimes absorb her characters and the conversation too frequently implies rather than develops intelligence. "The Candle's Glory" gives you a sense of characters and life anytime you don't quite get from Miss Bentley's work. Often Miss Thompson is imbedded in detail as Miss Bentley is in plot; neither is quite as satisfying as one might hope. Nevertheless, one enjoys Miss Thompson's proliferation of ideas and details more than Miss Bentley's solid progress towards the resolution of plot. Miss Thompson is not Henry James, Graham Greene, or Elizabeth Bowen—better novelists she in some ways suggests—but she writes very well and communicates overtones she too rarely dominates as completely as one might wish.

MISS THURBURN's "The Colour of the Glass" is more like Miss Thompson's than Miss Bentley's novel. The quantity of details qualitatively developed is large, the search for significance constant, the command of plot not altogether adequate. Fran Maudesley, a modern woman who insists upon her own integral independence, falls quietly in love with Andy Garnett, a wealthy young Englishman who hopes to become a Conservative member of Parliament. Andy, who resembles Fran's father in his dogmatic convictions (though he is never quite as certain as her father was) compromises to win the election. Fran feels his compromise is unjustified and refuses to continue to love a man whom she disagrees with about fundamentals.

The telling of the story until the falling out between Andy and Fran is admirably handled. Miss Thurburn not only understands her characters, she also knows how to use the details of appearance and the minutiae of consciousness to make her people become moving and plausible. No better quiet telling of the beginning of a love affair between two hypersensitive individuals is to be found in any English novel I remember. Yet, once the love affair and its convincing difficulties have been developed to the point of inevitable separation, Miss Thurburn's novel shreds apart. There is too much unfunctional detail about Andy's political victory, too long a time taken to end a story the reader already anticipates the conclusion of.

Nevertheless I predict with some confidence that Miss Thurburn's later work will be even more rewarding than "The Colour of the Glass" on the whole is. Her mastery of the precise phrase that makes even everyday life perpetually interesting gives her novel a great deal of the quality one finds in the books of Elizabeth Bowen, Virginia Woolf, and Joyce Cary. Her unobtrusive interpolations about the nature of modern life are as illuminating and as natural a consequence of the actions of the characters as those in the novels of Forster. Once she learns to manage plot as skilfully as Miss Bentley, Miss Thurburn may write novels that rank among the best in English in our century. She seems destined for a stature she has as yet incompletely attained.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ABANDONED ALIASES

Many authors (Mark Twain, George Eliot, O. Henry) have maintained lifelong pseudonyms, but many more have adopted temporary aliases, usually either for a first book or for some special field of literary production. Here are twenty such, which you are asked to relate to the real proper names. Twelve correct identifications are encouraging, fourteen gratifying, and sixteen or better highly laudable. Answers on page 24.

1. Homer Wilbur.
2. Nancy Boyd.
3. Jonathan Oldstyle.
4. Josephine Tey.
5. Alcofribas Nasier.
6. Johnston Smith.
7. S. S. Van Dine.
8. Dod Grile.
9. Peter Porcupine.
10. Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone.
11. Frances Snow Compton.
12. Sebastian Melmoth.
13. Frank Lin.
14. Tom Graham.
15. Dexter Wallace.
16. Richard Greaves.
17. Dove Dulcet.
18. John Doyle.
19. Emanuel Morgan.
20. Timothy Titcomb.

Duality of War

Bruce Marshall's "The Fair Bride" *(Houghton Mifflin. 274 pp. $3) is a well-written tale of a young priest's spiritual and political peregrinations during the Spanish civil war.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THAT the hero of Bruce Marshall's latest novel, "The Fair Bride," is a priest will not surprise his faithful readers, but they may be disappointed by the fact that the story of the Reverendo Don Arturo Carrera y Granja offers small opportunity for the free play of Mr. Marshall's characteristic wit and humor. There is comedy in the tale, to be sure, but it is comedy of the grimmest kind. There is irony, but the ironist is understandably sad.

When the novel begins, in a fictional Spanish city, in the year 1936, Don Arturo's bishop is asking him to translate into English a notice that will forbid immodestly dressed women to enter the house of God; and as Don Arturo listens to his bishop he is watching an excursion steamer, plastered with advertisements for Fundador and Anis, crossing the bay with lovers sitting enlaced on its deck, oblivious of all the world but themselves. When the novel ends—how many weeks or months later?—another bishop is asking Don Arturo to translate into English a notice that will bar from the house of God women "with low-necked dresses, bare arms or without stockings"; and as the listening priest looks out of the window he sees another steamer with its Fundador and Anis advertisements, and its lovers locked in each other's arms, crossing the bay. Much has happened between the beginning and the end, but it would seem that nothing has very much changed.

Much has happened. Franco's forces have marched against the city, and the Loyalist militiamen have risen against their former masters and their priests. Arturo has seen an old priest tortured with a pickaxe and then held down on a bonfire until dead; Arturo has heard how his bishop was killed—stripped naked, smeared with honey, and thrust into an apiary to be stung to death by bees. Franco's forces have taken the city, restored "order," and placed a new bishop on the throne of his predecessor. Arturo has been a coward and a brave man. He has fled from the militiamen, and he has given himself up to them. Having lost faith in the Church, he

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has worked for the Communist revolution; having lost faith in the revolution, he has returned to the Church and been arrested for celebrating Mass; having escaped execution by a miracle, he has succeeded in smuggling a holy relic—credited with being able to protect its possessor against his enemies—into the hands of Franco's officers. He has also fallen in love chastely with a young prostitute named Soledad, and has discovered in her a love strong enough to shame his own.

YES, much has happened by the time the story comes full circle, and it seems that nothing has changed. But Don Arturo can never again be the same man or priest that he was. He has learned that the social revolutionaries do not understand the revolution and are unworthy of the ideals they profess, that the reactionaries are wholly unworthy of victory, that the clergy are largely incapable of learning anything. He can pray desperately to God, but his faith in the possibilities of mankind—despite shining individual examples—is at the ebb. He feels too sad to joke, but he must silently agree with the English chaplain who declares: "There's no doubt about it. The Church Militant is ninety-nine per cent inefficient. But if we all put our shoulders to the wheel for a hundred years, then it'll be only ninety-eight per cent inefficient, provided the bishops keep their mouths shut."

"The Fair Bride," whatever its author's intentions, is not an inspiriting book; and, for a novel concerned with ultimate values, it is strangely superficial. It is also strangely unexciting—perhaps because it relies too heavily for effect, too late in the day, on scenes with which we have become tragically familiar in factual and fictional accounts of the Nazi terror, the Russian horror, and the Spanish civil war itself. Mr. Marshall has, of course, done a professional job of writing; but I am sure that he must have intended to do much more.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1008)

GEORGE G. SIMPSON:
LIFE OF THE PAST

No one knows exactly why dinosaurs and other ancient forms became extinct. All we can say at present is that something changed, and dinosaurs did not. What changed and why dinosaurs failed to cope with the change are things still hidden from us.

Fraying Margins of Error

A. J. Cronin's "Beyond This Place" *(Little, Brown. 316pp. $3.75) is a crusading novel against the present system of trial by jury that does not measure up to its author's earlier work.*

By Charles Lee

A. J. CRONIN, one of the world's most popular novelists and least competent critics, has this to say about "Beyond This Place," his newest book: "It is probably the most exciting novel I have ever written." One expects this sort of excessive admiration toward an offspring from his parent, though one also expects that the doting touch will have been somewhat tempered in a family now grown to ten. The fact of the matter is that all nine of Dr. Cronin's previous brain-children are better proportioned and more intelligent, a point of view he will allow when appreciation of his own vigor has subsided sufficiently to permit his natural scientific detachment to function.

"Beyond This Place" suffers from the major fault of having been "constructed," to use the good doctor's own word, to fit a crusade. It issues from irritation, not from intensity; it is shaped by artifice, not by art. In its grotesque attack on the present system of trial by jury (isn't the crusade a bit on the synthetic side?) the book reads like badly diluted Dickens, passionate urgency all but gone and humor totally absent. In support of his attack Dr. Cronin concocts a fantastically irregular murder trial with which to berate the judiciary process, ignoring the fact that his own "trial" of the courts is monstrously loaded and overlooking entirely the fact that in law (as in medicine) some lamentable margin of error must be allowed for the imperfections of humanity. Like many crusaders, Dr. Cronin is vehement in assault, but fuzzy as to the nature of his reforms.

The story, set in Northern Ireland and the Midlands city of Wortley in 1936, deals with the strenuous efforts of young Paul Mathry to obtain the release of his father, Rees, from Stoneheath Prison, where he has spent fifteen years of a life sentence for a murder which he did not commit. The circumstantial evidence on which Rees has been convicted is so faulty

—*Dorothy Wilding.*

A. J. Cronin—"vehement in assault."

that only an author would try to get away with it; the prison so cruel (Rees is never allowed a visitor) that it would seem Dr. Cronin missed the real target of a crusade; the language with which he reports these dismal events so Victorian that one wonders why the whole business wasn't set in 1876 instead of 1936. "Alas" and "without avail" are followed by "certain acts that are unmentionable." The rain is "pitiless," the heath is "accursed," tears are "scalding," and cries are "wild" and "inarticulate." Disappointments are, of course, "cruel," sobs are "choking," and matters that are futile are "unutterably" so. Paul is swept by "storms of emotion" and "convulsive shudders" except for those moments when he is "crushed by the weight of disappointment" and biting his lips "fiercely."

The characters are as stereotyped as the language, the original prosecutor in the case (Sir Matthew Sprott) being an engine of knavery and the heroine (Lena Anderson), confusingly described as a Juno, a Madonna, and an Amazon, the misunderstood victim of a British raping party (what a picture of England Dr. Cronin draws!). Rees's villainous truculence toward his family is only the final touch of the bizarre in a novel that also features a purse made of human skin and a hitherto unrecorded illusion of the great magician Harry Houdini, an appearance at Wortley's Palace Theatre just nine years after his death.

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Matters of Manhood

Hal Ellson's "Summer Street" *(Ballantine Books. 132 pp. Clothbound. $2. Paperbound. 35¢) is the story of the coming of adolescence to a big-city boy, its stuff drawn from a case-worker's files.*

By Nelson Algren

READERS of "Duke," "Tomboy," and "The Golden Spike" will discover a variation on a theme in Mr. Ellson's latest treatment of the big-city adolescent. For the first time his hero isn't pushing weed.

Mick Cargan's only underworld is that of his own sixteen-year-old emotions: "A being not child and yet not man, caught between the tides of adolescence and manhood, too old for one and too young for the other, but already believing himself a man no matter what the world thought—or his mother."

His mother's protective love impedes Mick in the business of being a man; while the calculated lust of the aging nymph behind the curtains across the summer street revolts him as a boy. Though he wants to escape his mother, he doesn't want to lose her. He doesn't want to feel her hold upon him, yet is reluctant to loose his own hold upon her. He doesn't want to be a child any longer; he wants to be a jet pilot. And would leapfrog the mystery of womanhood lying somewhere between if only he knew how.

Grace Sutton, the curtain-nymph's daughter, doesn't seem to dig her boy friend very deep. Indeed, she doesn't seem to dig much of anything. Alternating between a feigned awe of him, and a feigned contempt, she operates only upon the periphery of the conflict between the two older women. Mick gets out of all patience with her: "Let me tell you something else, too, you're a teaser, that's all. Do you want me to explain, innocent puss? Or have I said enough?"

He's said enough. She tries the reader's patience, too. Her mother, at any rate, doesn't waste time in teasing. She gets a shot of bourbon down the jet-pilot's neck—and here readers should be forewarned that no living writer has developed the art of writing unromantically of love as highly as Mr. Ellson. Handing Mick a scribbled note, Mother Sutton urges him, "'See what it says' . . . in another moment she would fling herself upon him if he did not read the note. He lowered his eyes and found he had guessed right, though the message was not worded as expected. Simply and directly it said, 'Do you want to? Yes or no?'"

In the blaze of such passion, the boy nods uncertainly, thus tipping the scales in favor of manhood. When she slams the door in his face the following day he has trouble understanding her. Having been given proof of his manhood, how could she continue to treat him as a boy? And whether she has only been engaged in a diversionary operation, to throw the boy off her daughter's spoor, we can but conjecture.

Yet, once Mick's conflicting emotions toward the nymph have had time to fade, he remembers her with gratitude: "for by giving herself to him she had at once broken the invisible chains that had shackled him to that threatening past which all boys must finally and in their own way reject in order to survive as men."

Remembering the beauty and the mystery of sex in adolescence as explored by such writers as Vardis Fisher in his "In Tragic Life," in Raymond Radiguet's "The Devil and the Flesh," or, more recently, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi in "Awakening," the present work serves chiefly to remind one of how much Mr. Ellson leaves out. How, by declining to explore farther than the facts in his case-worker's file, he omits all the color, the complexity, and the light. How what he writes are thus not really novels at all, for all their sincerity and their courage, but only sociologically accurate accountings.

For all that, "Summer Street" remains a readable item for hammock or end-table.

—*Glidden.*

Hal Ellson—"readable item."

Cotswold Caesar

Thomas Hinde's "Mr. Nicholas" *(Farrar, Straus, & Young. 271 pp. $3) is a first novel of British family life that comes with high commendations. Mr. Havighurst, who reviews it here, is professor of English at Miami University, Ohio.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN HIS first novel, "Mr. Nicholas," a twenty-five-year-old Englishman named Thomas Hinde is giving a wry picture of family life in a suburban colony on the southern outskirts of London. Through the village of Rodenham, past the small estate of Pine Knoll, streams the constant summer traffic—"eight-horsepower family saloons, Women's Institute charabancs, and cream sports cars with two seats"—on their way to the sea coast. Across the valley comes the boom of mortar fire and the clank of tanks on the proving ground. But in the gardens and houses of Rodenham, cut off from the world by its own smugness and hostility, the little colony of retired Army officers and businessmen go through their round of emptiness and irritation. Something is wrong in Rodenham.

Mr. Hinde's focus is on the Nicholas family, and the petulant, quarrelsome family life is painfully real in these pages. Mrs. Nicholas, running a household without help, moves uncomplaining between kitchen, pantry, and dining room. The boys, Peter, Owen, and David, all underdeveloped, keep their distance from each other and fail to make common cause against their father. Mr. Nicholas, vain, self-centered, tyrannical, irritates them all, and often irritates himself. He is having an unexciting love affair with a neighbor, the wife of an American who somewhere in the United States owns "eight underwear factories and nineteen cars."

Though the jacket speaks of Mr. Nicholas's "enormous vitality," you will find him merely a vain and dictatorial little man. His petty tyranny poisons the atmosphere of the household. It drives young David to the confidence of a retired artillery captain; it sends Owen into solitary brooding over his scale models; it makes Peter welcome the end of his summer holiday and his return to Oxford.

Mr. Nicholas takes seriously cricket, tennis, and billiards; games of all sorts rouse his combative instinct. He is a man who enjoys quarreling and

(*Continued on page* 33)

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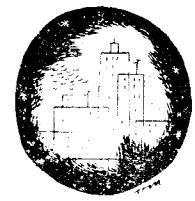
How to Schedule Humanity



Most of the communities that have grown so enormously during the last generation represent new and exciting ideas in town planning. Here Christopher Tunnard, who heads the Graduate Program in City Planning at Yale, reports on five lately published books in this active field. Mr. Tunnard himself will have a new history of city planning in the bookshops shortly: "The City of Man," to be published by Scribner.

By Christopher Tunnard

STROLLING along a leafy lane in Aurora, Illinois, or Morristown, New Jersey (if anyone does stroll nowadays), the visitor may not be aware that behind the trim white facades or the faded shingle porches live people who are genuinely concerned about what is happening to their neighborhood, their town, or the larger city next door. It is a far cry today from the Village Improvement Societies of the 1880's, when all that seemed necessary was to plant the very trees which now provide such welcome shade. The curious will find that it is the school board, the selectmen (and women), the zoning board, and the town planning commission, composed largely of unpaid citizens, which are making decisions to shape the community for years to come—choosing sites for schools, determining the size of lots, preventing the approach of industry or encouraging it, and in general making varied use of powers delegated under their state laws for preserving and developing the local environment.

The democratic principle is being applied to town planning—with all the attendant mistakes of judgment, the confusion of ideas and ideals, and the resulting discouragement when things go wrong or when nothing is done because of disagreement. But the process is at work; people are learning through success or failure, and it is a very healthy thing that community control in shaping the physical scene is proceeding by trial and error in the United States as never before in its history. Walter Blucher, executive director of the American Society of Planning Officials, estimated in a recent letter to the reviewer that there are over 2,000 planning agencies at the local level in this country today; in 1907 there was only one—Hartford, Connecticut—claiming the distinction of being the first city to establish planning on an official basis.

"Tomorrow's Chicago," by Arthur Hillman and Robert J. Casey (University of Chicago Press, $3.50), sets out with a worthy aim—to educate the people of that city, and especially its high-school children, in wise methods of community planning. Its authors—a journalist and a professor of sociology at Roosevelt College—reflect the changed attitude toward planning on the part of official America from the City Beautiful of the first quarter of the century to the City Beneficial of the second, when housing reform, traffic engineering, and public works began to loom on the municipal horizon. The new attitude, with its emphasis on the social sciences, has not been devoid of Veblenesque overtones denying the beautiful and favoring the useful, but it has helped to focus attention on the horror of the slum, which City Beautiful planners also decried but hadn't the machinery to cure.

In a city which contains some of the worst urban areas in the country this book will be valuable. It shows how slums can be rebuilt into livable neighborhoods based on a comprehensive plan, how traffic congestion and the parking problem can be attacked, how to select school sites, how local planning units work, and how they can be set up. "In the long run," say the authors, describing what Chicago *could* be like if well planned, "the city would be beautiful because every element in the natural landscape would be used to the best advantage of the community as a whole." Does this necessarily follow? Beauty considered as a by-product of planning instead of as an aim in itself is a noticeable blind spot of current planning literature. The many illustrations in "Tomorrow's Chicago" include factories, highways, housing projects, and playgrounds, but they are not very inspiring, and there are no fountains, no sculptures, no dramatic views of Chicago's proudest boast and own invention—the skyscrapers—which in Walt Whitman's day were considered a symbol of democracy, but which among intellectuals of the City Beneficial movement seem merely to conjure up the Money Lords who built them. Art remains the greatest interest-arouser yet discovered, and writers of contemporary textbooks on planning could use its power to advantage.

THOSE who wish to see American cities adopt a more appropriate form will find the same omission in **"An Approach to Urban Planning,"** edited by Gerald Breese and Dorothy E. Whiteman (Princeton University Press, $2). Listing the factors involved in a planning program, the editors mention economics, population, land use, housing, transportation, and "municipal fiscal realities," but never architecture or civic design. Aiming at an adult group, this series of lectures is a serious, informed attempt by planning experts to enlighten the layman. The most provocative contribution is from Charles K. Agle, who worked on the current rezoning proposals for New York City. He finds that the main objections to planning are political, upbraids the fickleness of Congress in making appropriations for it, and replies to the calumny that American planning is "malignant socialism" by proving it "just about as socialistic as weeding a garden or taking a tommy-gun away from a gangster." He has no illusions about the current urban redevelopment program for American cities, calling it a drop in the bucket, but he goes on to show how it can be expanded beyond its present period of "doubtful visibility." "Up to this point our cities have been like the Mad Hatter's tea party," says Mr. Agle. "Once we use up an area, we move to another without washing up the dishes where we sat first." By contrast, he finds urban-redevelopment authorities "the most exciting crack in the dam of planning impotence and inertia that has happened yet." Charles McKim Norton provides a thoughtful essay on the neglected subject of metropolitan transportation, and, among other contributions, there is a valuable statement on the goals of land use planning by Norman Williams, Jr., a lawyer turned planner who is active in New York

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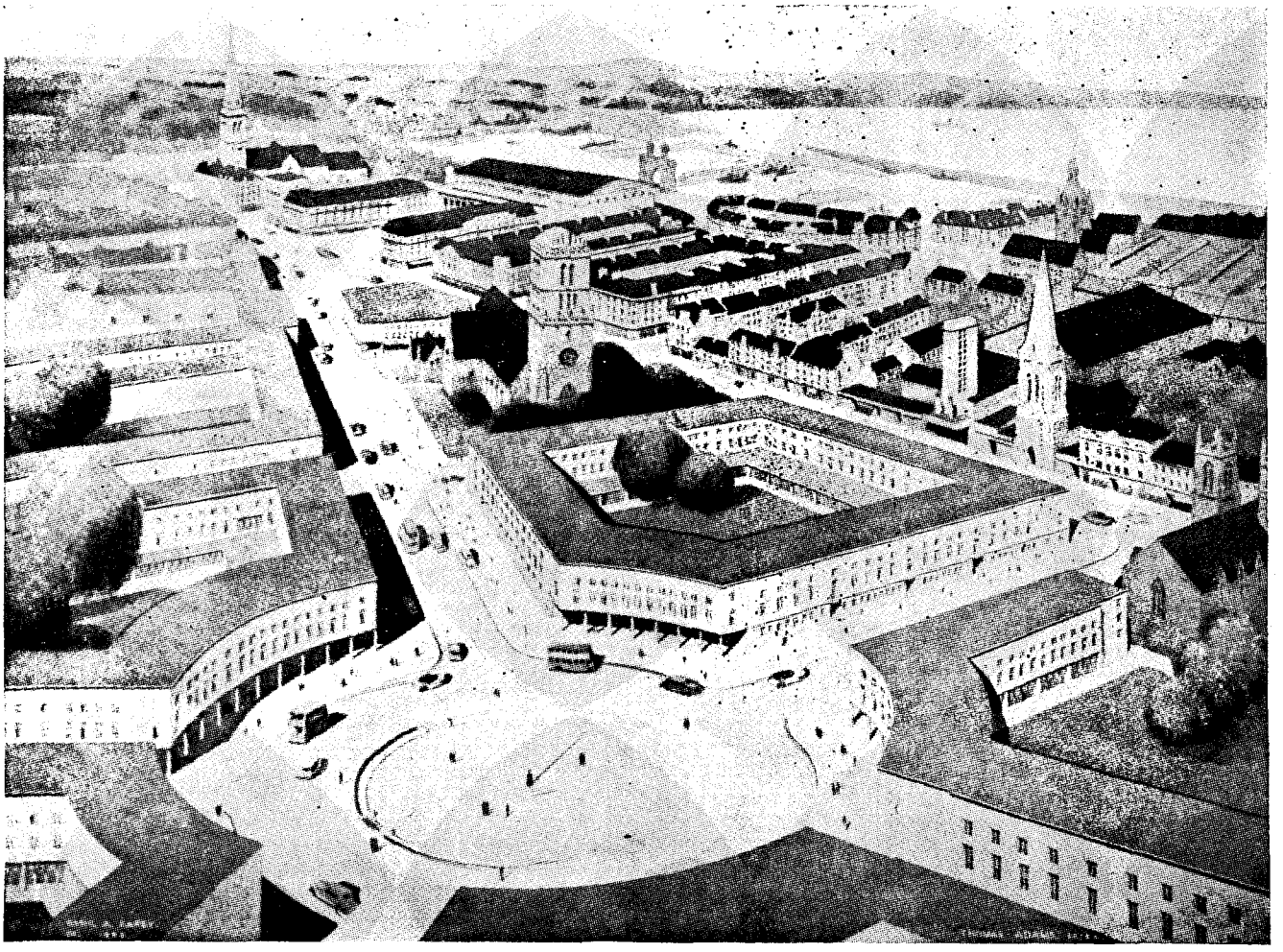
housing and planning circles. "The difficulty rests in deciding what kind of cities we want," conclude the editors. "Ultimately these decisions rest with the public." Agreed, and perhaps this informative little volume will help it to decide.

During the recent coronation festivities "canned" nightingales sang in Berkeley Square—appropriate mechanical heralds of the parking garages that the British, in imitation of San Francisco's Union Square excavation, are now proposing to build under some of their lovely green spaces in the West End of London. But if they are now adopting American traffic solutions, these islanders have given us more planning notions than we can match in return—garden cities, satellite towns, redevelopment methods for central areas, ring roads, and a host of other ideas adopted in one form or another over here. In **"Utopia Ltd."** (Yale University Press, $4.50) Harold Orlans describes in detail the first of the new town experiments at Stevenage, a satellite community of 60,000 people not yet completed, designed with others to check London's suburban growth by jumping the outer ring of the Great Wen and establishing new centers of homes and industry surrounded by belts of productive agricultural land. This American anthropologist is exhaustive in his research amongst newspapers, local inhabitants, and Government "white papers," and he tries in a wealth of evidence to give us both sides of a controversial experiment in democratic planning.

IN bringing what seems to be a "free enterprise" mentality to bear on a major policy of the recent Labor Government, the scientist in Mr. Orlans is hard put to it to explain the phenomenon of Stevenage in any but the most objective terms, carefully refraining from value judgments and letting his notebooks tell the story. But he indulges himself toward the end by trying to marry American corporate enterprise with British Labor Party Socialism. "Surely it is more a difference of name than substance that separates the social principles of, let us say, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Parkchester development in New York City and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning's Stevenage New Town." He finds monopolistic tendencies in both organizations—but does he really think that their attitudes and responsibility toward the people are the same? The social principles of Metropolitan Life, who also built Stuyvesant Town, are worth a book of this detail in themselves. Incidentally, Mr. Orlans's careful methods give the best account of the "flats versus houses" controversy yet to appear in print.

If British America had been colonized in feudal times, we would have had another legacy—the English village. As it was, we built scattered towns on open lots where farmers bought and sold but neither congregated in "tied" cottages nor were ruled by the lord of the manor. For this we are thankful, but we love the picturesque groupings of the English village, sometimes wishing we had not been architecturally so independent. We can learn much about the changing life that is still lived there from **"The English Village,"** W. P. Baker's wise and leisurely contribution to the Home University Library Series (Oxford, $2). Mr. Baker has not only observed but studied the problems of rural industry, political organization, and social change. He has useful suggestions to make for



—From "Modern Town & Country Planning."

Redevelopment proposals for Dundee, Scotland (1933)—"city, town, and village are today interdependent."

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ensuring the future of this feudal survival. He realizes that city, town, and village are today interdependent and puts some faith in the grouping of villages for health and school facilities, the latter for adult as well as child education. He gives great credit to the Women's Institutes for bringing social problems to the fore: American women, who have often borne the family responsibility for local reforms, would feel at home in the weekly gathering to hear a speaker discuss world or local affairs, and make tea in the village hall. The book explains local government system clearly and can be highly recommended as an introduction to the realities as well as the poetry of rural life.

"Modern Town and Country Planning," by James W. R. Adams (British Book Centre, $6), is a revised edition of "Recent Advances in Town Planning," written in 1932 by the present author's father, Thomas Adams, and published in this country by the Macmillan Company. The younger Adams, who also worked on the original volume, has attempted to bring this excellent old book up to date by adding illustrations and information on recent practice, but so much has happened both in Great Britain and the rest of the world in twenty years that he would have done better to leave it alone and offer us a new survey, which, as a British planner of wide experience, he is eminently capable of writing.

Luxury vs. Clarity

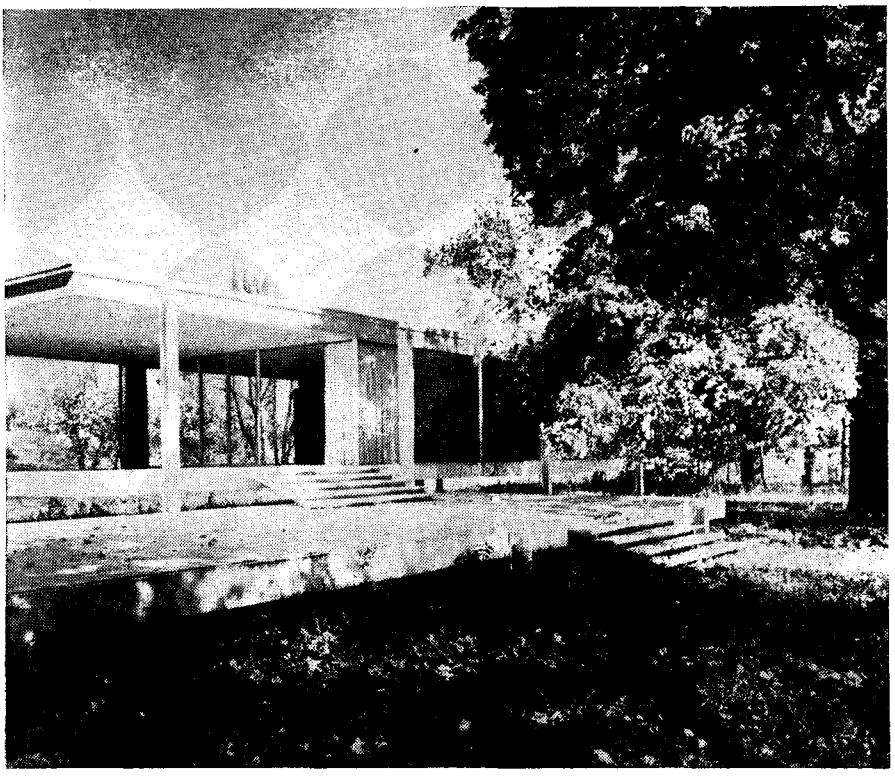
"The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment," edited by Coleman Woodbury *(University of Chicago Press, 764 pp. $9) analyzes the problems that arise when great numbers settle in small areas. Professor Gaus of Harvard's government department, who reviews it here, is the author of "Reflections on Public Administration."*

By John M. Gaus

THE specialists—in municipal government, in substantive fields of land use, real estate, housing, city planning—will use "The Future of Cities and Urban Development," edited by Coleman Woodbury, whether as students or practitioners; the eleven participants are so distinguished in their several fields, from social analysis to design, as to insure its steady use as a reference and a source of data and diagnostic aid. But the nature of the problems of our cities set forth in the book is in itself evidence of our failure to comprehend the environment in which more than half of us live—and nearly a third of us, in the United States, live in the unorganized organisms of the fourteen metropolitan areas of over a million people. Our sight, imagination, and understanding have been outstripped.

That is why this volume might best be put to use not only by the specialists but, let us imagine, by neighborhood discussion groups. Let them for a time postpone the Great Books, or the Problem of the Middle East, or the Review of the Current Plays, and apportion among their members a chapter—or a section—each of this book, with each reader keeping a scrapbook of the news items in the local paper relevant to his assignment and of notes of personally observed illustrations from his cityscape that support or deny or qualify his author's views. Let there be a large map of the place at the meeting, perhaps from the city planning office. And let them all begin with the common assignment of Part V, by Coleman Woodbury, the editor, on Background and Prospects of Urban Redevelopment in the United States, which with un-editorial modesty he has placed at the end. And let them end on a restudy of that section to test his insights and ponder the humane wisdom of, for example, his views on urban leadership, morale, and human prejudice. And then let them test themselves and their city by what they will have learned, and by the added richness in enjoyment and awareness they will have gained as they go about their affairs in a now, for them, more meaningful environment.

What sorts of things will they find here—and are there some things they may ask for but fail to find? (The index, by the way, is a bit skimpy and they may not find it easy to discover what is where. But the print is good!) Let them proceed from Part V to Part II—also by Woodbury, with the assistance of Frank Cliffe, on Industrial Location, and ask themselves why their city is where it is, what it offers, who come, who leave, and why; then go to Part III on "the urbanite," which is themselves, and try out the newer sociological inquiries on who they are, their needs and desires in the physical and social setting of their lives, and check these by what Slayton and Dewey report of other urbanites. Then for a change of pace and outlook they should turn to Part 1, for the series of brief essays on Goals, Design, and Strategy—not much of the latter, for we approach



The "Veblenite": Mïes von der Rohe's summer home for Dr. Edith Farnsworth (1950).

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forth alone under the weighty auspices of the Pacific Science Board, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Museum of Natural History to study the poisonous fishes of Micronesia. On this and on two subsequent expeditions, she collected specimens (including previously unclassified plectognaths) in the Marianas, Palaus and Caroline islands, and from the Red Sea.

AT times Eugenie gathered specimens by poisoning tidal pools with rotenone. More often she and her native companions pursued fish underwater, capturing their prizes with spears in submarine crevasses or along fringing coral reefs. Frequently the young woman would then labor until past midnight writing descriptions, preparing and packing the fish she shipped either to museums or to the laboratory which analyzed them for toxic content. (Though every family of plectognaths has some suspect members, the most poisonous, apparently, is a large blowfish of the Carolines which makes a delicious but lethal meal.)

Dr. Clark's devotion to science never overshadowed her human qualities. She banished the distrust of a native Guam fisherman by sharing his luncheon of raw squid—a food many of his own people would not eat uncooked. The loyalty of Siakong—the betel-chewing, wife-beating drunkard who was the best spear-fisherman in the Palaus—was in no small part due, we gather, to Genie Clark's willingness to face equal risks from barracudas, sharks, and gigantic "man-eating" clams. Miss Clark won the friendship of his native sisters of Kayangel Island by a game but disastrous attempt to chew betel nut; but she was less highly regarded by the grass-skirted Ulithi women, who considered her shorts immodest and her bra superfluous.

Dr. Clark was the first ichthyologist in seventy years to make any comprehensive study of Red Sea marine life. Never wholly immersed in her own scientific efforts, however, she found time to explore with the Marine Biological Station director, Dr. Gohar, the possibilities of utilizing the sea's bounty of fish to increase the food resources of Egypt.

This warm, lively, and informative account of a young scientist's work and problems is likely to make readers so partisan to Genie Clark that they will rejoice when the Greek doctor she had reluctantly left in New York comes to Egypt to win her hand. The lady goggle-fisherwoman and her doctor husband, rightly enough, spent their honeymoon spear-fishing in the Red Sea.

—From "Lady with a Spear."

Employing native helpers to sift for tiny creatures on a tidal shore.

To Tweak a Lion's Nose

Robert C. Ruark's "Horn of the Hunter" *(Doubleday. 315 pp. $5.95) recounts what happens when a columnist from the wilds of Manhattan's saloon belt goes hunting big game in Africa. The illustrations are commendable.*

By J. M. Flagler

CONTRARY to what you may gather from the papers, Africa is not all Mau Mau uprisings and the *apartheid* question and a continent awakening in ferment. There is still the Africa of the white hunter and big-game safaris, just as in Francis Macomber's time. True, this Africa is beginning to seem a bit quaint and may soon be dated as a subject, but Robert C. Ruark has managed to slip in under the line with "Horn of the Hunter."

Ruark makes it quite plain he has no truck with ferment. He subtitles his book "The Story of an African Safari," and writes in an author's note: "This is a book about Africa in which I have tried to avoid most of the foolishness, personal heroism, and general exaggeration which usually attend works of this sort. It is a book important only to the writer and has no sociological significance whatsoever." There is absolutely no quarreling with the last sentence.

One impressive thing about "Horn of the Hunter" is Ruark's emergence as an illustrator. (He is perhaps better known as the *premiere* columnist and professional cynic of the Scripps-Howard syndicate.) There are thirty-two pen-and-ink sketches of African life by the author, showing that he is a deft and competent artist with a keen eye for detail and expression. Unfortunately, he has not expended the same talents on the narrative, which often reads as if he might have dashed it off on top of an upturned steamer trunk while waiting to clear customs.

Ruark never makes it quite clear just why he decided to go on a safari except to mumble something about how a man ought to face a lion once in his life. Nevertheless, there he is trekking through Tanganyika with his golden-blonde wife, a twenty-seven-year-old professional guide, and the standard retinue of native bearers, scattering wisecracks and tough talk through the underbrush like buckshot.

The safari started out at Nairobi, Kenya, and made camp at several different locations in British East Africa, although the reader is never exactly sure where they are at any given time. Maps do not accompany

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—By Robert Ruark for "Horn of the Hunter."

". . . still the Africa of safaris."

the text and clarity is not Ruark's long suit. He takes the attitude that you're either with him or the hell with you, five-ninety-five a copy or no.

Occasionally, when Ruark drops his pose, there is some good stuff about game-stalking and shooting, and even some information about the dwindling breed of professional white hunters. There are only a handful of them left, most of them youngsters in their twenties and thirties, and you have to book up with the better safari companies five years in advance to get one of them. It's a dangerous, punishing game, there's no money in it, and you have to put up with some mighty curious clients.

Rather than discovering an exciting new world, Ruark has brought his own world to Africa. Since, to judge by the repeated references, his own world is apparently bounded by Toots Shor's on the west, the Stork Club on the east, "21" on the north, and perhaps Roy Howard on the south, the clash of cultures is sometimes startling.

Ruark's problem appears to be that he is torn between humor and Hemingway. It is his conceit to be consciously ungrammatical—a device as new as Petroleum V. Nasby—and at the same time as sophisticated as the latest saloon society *patois,* yet. On the other hand, Ruark professes the deepest admiration for Hemingway, and his style often threatens to become a parody of the Master. The Lord save him from his friends these days.

FICTION

Triumvirate in Tradition

Phyllis Bentley's "The House of Moreys" *(Macmillan. 283 pp. $3.50),* ***Sylvia Thompson's "The Candle's Glory"*** *(Little, Brown. 209 pp. $3.50), and* ***Rose Thurburn's "The Colour of the Glass"*** *(William Morrow. 222 pp. $3.50) are the latest novels of three English women whose work is often less seriously evaluated than it deserves.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

RIGHTLY or wrongly, the most sophisticated British and American writers about English fiction have passed over lightly the work of Phyllis Bentley, Sylvia Thompson, and Rose Thurburn. Miss Bentley's many and frequently popular novels are dismissed with the faint praise that they are "solid." The fourteen novels of Miss Thompson that have followed the best-selling "The Hounds of Spring" are enumerated rather than praised. Miss Thurburn's second novel, though it has, like her earlier "The Wilderness Is Yours," been reviewed both kindly and enthusiastically, has not earned her as yet much reputation with those who are supposed to be in the know.

For any reader who knows the history of unpredictable falls and rises on what Malcolm Cowley has called the literary stock exchange, such opinions do not necessarily carry much weight. Cary comes up and James comes down; Hemingway rises and falls and so does Faulkner. Miss Bentley's "solid" reconstruction of Yorkshire life may not be outmoded, though it does not fit the contemporary mold. Miss Thompson's delicate manipulation of detail may displease those who require Miss Bentley's firmly established story line. Miss Thurburn's subtlety, that is compromised by her tendency to let some of her tragic characters succeed as if they were conventional people, may make many underestimate both her promise and her fulfilment. In their indubitable sincerity and manifest talent, these three may deserve praise they have received too stintedly.

Miss Bentley's latest novel, "The House of Moreys," is admirably plotted, creditably written, and destined for a large sale if it is adequately publicized for its more sensational elements. Told from the point of view of a woman whose most significant experiences finished when Queen Victoria was crowned, it concerns the perennial difficulties of the sensitive and cultivated who are hurled into contact with the presumedly uncouth. Eleanor, a poor girl who deserves and was cheated out of high station, comes to crude nineteenth-century Yorkshire from sophisticated London. She uncovers the sensitivity of the apparent lout Jacob, befriends the misunderstood child Dickie, marries and reforms her cousin Charles, who is better than he seems in his frequently drunken condition. Rather ordinary, you may say, and you may be right. Still Yorkshire, a story as exciting and as well told as a good mystery, some sense about the rich and the poor any place—all these are here in addition to a realistic recreation of what it was like in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century.

But Miss Bentley does not go very deep (I think). Her characters can be forgotten more easily than her plot because they seem, like her scenery, as much like something out of the Brontës as something she wrote from absorbed experience, as she did in such books as "Inheritance." Pleasure, yes; illumination, no. A good summer book (no negligible thing) and a book you're not likely to reread this winter as you might some of Miss Bentley's others.

IF you like a fine sensitivity to the little things that may make life bearable or unbearable added to a genuine concern about the failure of faith in our time, Sylvia Thompson's "The Candle's Glory" will please you. The candle that casts ambiguous glory is Mary Fanshawe, who is killed in an airplane accident early in the novel but does not cease to affect the lives of those she has known. Lovers, childhood friends, and mere acquaintances from England, France, and America find themselves affected by Mary Fanshawe and in the interplay of happiness and unhappiness she is quite as important as any of those who continue to live.

Miss Thompson intends more than Miss Bentley, achieves in some ways less. Her novel touches upon the lack and loss of daily religious faith, upon the modern temper, upon what it is to be oriented or disoriented in our

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time. Although her props sometimes absorb her characters and the conversation too frequently implies rather than develops intelligence, "The Candle's Glory" gives you a sense of characters and life anytime you don't quite get from Miss Bentley's work. Often Miss Thompson is imbedded in detail as Miss Bentley is in plot; neither is quite as satisfying as one might hope. Nevertheless, one enjoys Miss Thompson's proliferation of ideas and details more than Miss Bentley's solid progress towards the resolution of plot. Miss Thompson is not Henry James, Graham Greene, or Elizabeth Bowen—better novelists she in some ways suggests—but she writes very well and communicates overtones she too rarely dominates as completely as one might wish.

MISS THURBURN's "The Colour of the Glass" is more like Miss Thompson's than Miss Bentley's novel. The quantity of details qualitatively developed is large, the search for significance constant, the command of plot not altogether adequate. Fran Maudesley, a modern woman who insists upon her own integral independence, falls quietly in love with Andy Garnett, a wealthy young Englishman who hopes to become a Conservative member of Parliament. Andy, who resembles Fran's father in his dogmatic convictions (though he is never quite as certain as her father was) compromises to win the election. Fran feels his compromise is unjustified and refuses to continue to love a man whom she disagrees with about fundamentals.

The telling of the story until the falling out between Andy and Fran is admirably handled. Miss Thurburn not only understands her characters, she also knows how to use the details of appearance and the minutiae of consciousness to make her people become moving and plausible. No better quiet telling of the beginning of a love affair between two hypersensitive individuals is to be found in any English novel I remember. Yet, once the love affair and its convincing difficulties have been developed to the point of inevitable separation, Miss Thurburn's novel shreds apart. There is too much unfunctional detail about Andy's political victory, too long a time taken to end a story the reader already anticipates the conclusion of.

Nevertheless I predict with some confidence that Miss Thurburn's later work will be even more rewarding than "The Colour of the Glass" on the whole is. Her mastery of the precise phrase that makes even everyday life perpetually interesting gives her novel a great deal of the quality one finds in the books of Elizabeth Bowen, Virginia Woolf, and Joyce Cary. Her unobtrusive interpolations about the nature of modern life are as illuminating and as natural a consequence of the actions of the characters as those in the novels of Forster. Once she learns to manage plot as skilfully as Miss Bentley, Miss Thurburn may write novels that rank among the best in English in our century. She seems destined for a stature she has as yet incompletely attained.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ABANDONED ALIASES

Many authors (Mark Twain, George Eliot, O. Henry) have maintained lifelong pseudonyms, but many more have adopted temporary aliases, usually either for a first book or for some special field of literary production. Here are twenty such, which you are asked to relate to the real proper names. Twelve correct identifications are encouraging, fourteen gratifying, and sixteen or better highly laudable. Answers on page 24.

1. Homer Wilbur.
2. Nancy Boyd.
3. Jonathan Oldstyle.
4. Josephine Tey.
5. Alcofribas Nasier.
6. Johnston Smith.
7. S. S. Van Dine.
8. Dod Grile.
9. Peter Porcupine.
10. Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone.
11. Frances Snow Compton.
12. Sebastian Melmoth.
13. Frank Lin.
14. Tom Graham.
15. Dexter Wallace.
16. Richard Greaves.
17. Dove Dulcet.
18. John Doyle.
19. Emanuel Morgan.
20. Timothy Titcomb.

Duality of War

Bruce Marshall's "The Fair Bride" *(Houghton Mifflin, 274 pp. $3) is a well-written tale of a young priest's spiritual and political peregrinations during the Spanish civil war.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THAT the hero of Bruce Marshall's latest novel, "The Fair Bride," is a priest will not surprise his faithful readers, but they may be disappointed by the fact that the story of the Reverendo Don Arturo Carrera y Granja offers small opportunity for the free play of Mr. Marshall's characteristic wit and humor. There is comedy in the tale, to be sure, but it is comedy of the grimmest kind. There is irony, but the ironist is understandably sad.

When the novel begins, in a fictional Spanish city, in the year 1936, Don Arturo's bishop is asking him to translate into English a notice that will forbid immodestly dressed women to enter the house of God; and as Don Arturo listens to his bishop he is watching an excursion steamer, plastered with advertisements for Fundador and Anis, crossing the bay with lovers sitting enlaced on its deck, oblivious of all the world but themselves. When the novel ends—how many weeks or months later?—another bishop is asking Don Arturo to translate into English a notice that will bar from the house of God women "with low-necked dresses, bare arms or without stockings"; and as the listening priest looks out of the window he sees another steamer with its Fundador and Anis advertisements, and its lovers locked in each other's arms, crossing the bay. Much has happened between the beginning and the end, but it would seem that nothing has very much changed.

Much has happened. Franco's forces have marched against the city, and the Loyalist militiamen have risen against their former masters and their priests. Arturo has seen an old priest tortured with a pickaxe and then held down on a bonfire until dead; Arturo has heard how his bishop was killed—stripped naked, smeared with honey, and thrust into an apiary to be stung to death by bees. Franco's forces have taken the city, restored "order," and placed a new bishop on the throne of his predecessor. Arturo has been a coward and a brave man. He has fled from the militiamen, and he has given himself up to them. Having lost faith in the Church, he

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has worked for the Communist revolution; having lost faith in the revolution, he has returned to the Church and been arrested for celebrating Mass; having escaped execution by a miracle, he has succeeded in smuggling a holy relic—credited with being able to protect its possessor against his enemies—into the hands of Franco's officers. He has also fallen in love chastely with a young prostitute named Soledad, and has discovered in her a love strong enough to shame his own.

YES, much has happened by the time the story comes full circle, and it seems that nothing has changed. But Don Arturo can never again be the same man or priest that he was. He has learned that the social revolutionaries do not understand the revolution and are unworthy of the ideals they profess, that the reactionaries are wholly unworthy of victory, that the clergy are largely incapable of learning anything. He can pray desperately to God, but his faith in the possibilities of mankind—despite shining individual examples—is at the ebb. He feels too sad to joke, but he must silently agree with the English chaplain who declares: "There's no doubt about it. The Church Militant is ninety-nine per cent inefficient. But if we all put our shoulders to the wheel for a hundred years, then it'll be only ninety-eight per cent inefficient, provided the bishops keep their mouths shut."

"The Fair Bride," whatever its author's intentions, is not an inspiriting book; and, for a novel concerned with ultimate values, it is strangely superficial. It is also strangely unexciting—perhaps because it relies too heavily for effect, too late in the day, on scenes with which we have become tragically familiar in factual and fictional accounts of the Nazi terror, the Russian horror, and the Spanish civil war itself. Mr. Marshall has, of course, done a professional job of writing; but I am sure that he must have intended to do much more.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1008)

GEORGE G. SIMPSON:
LIFE OF THE PAST

No one knows exactly why dinosaurs and other ancient forms became extinct. All we can say at present is that something changed, and dinosaurs did not. What changed and why dinosaurs failed to cope with the change are things still hidden from us.

Fraying Margins of Error

A. J. Cronin's "Beyond This Place" *(Little, Brown. 316pp. $3.75) is a crusading novel against the present system of trial by jury that does not measure up to its author's earlier work.*

By Charles Lee

A. J. CRONIN, one of the world's most popular novelists and least competent critics, has this to say about "Beyond This Place," his newest book: "It is probably the most exciting novel I have ever written." One expects this sort of excessive admiration toward an offspring from his parent, though one also expects that the doting touch will have been somewhat tempered in a family now grown to ten. The fact of the matter is that all nine of Dr. Cronin's previous brain-children are better proportioned and more intelligent, a point of view he will allow when appreciation of his own vigor has subsided sufficiently to permit his natural scientific detachment to function.

"Beyond This Place" suffers from the major fault of having been "constructed," to use the good doctor's own word, to fit a crusade. It issues from irritation, not from intensity; it is shaped by artifice, not by art. In its grotesque attack on the present system of trial by jury (isn't the crusade a bit on the synthetic side?) the book reads like badly diluted Dickens, passionate urgency all but gone and humor totally absent. In support of his attack Dr. Cronin concocts a fantastically irregular murder trial with which to berate the judiciary process, ignoring the fact that his own "trial" of the courts is monstrously loaded and overlooking entirely the fact that in law (as in medicine) some lamentable margin of error must be allowed for the imperfections of humanity. Like many crusaders, Dr. Cronin is vehement in assault, but fuzzy as to the nature of his reforms.

The story, set in Northern Ireland and the Midlands city of Wortley in 1936, deals with the strenuous efforts of young Paul Mathry to obtain the release of his father, Rees, from Stoneheath Prison, where he has spent fifteen years of a life sentence for a murder which he did not commit. The circumstantial evidence on which Rees has been convicted is so faulty

—Dorothy Wilding.

A. J. Cronin—"vehement in assault."

that only an author would try to get away with it; the prison so cruel (Rees is never allowed a visitor) that it would seem Dr. Cronin missed the real target of a crusade; the language with which he reports these dismal events so Victorian that one wonders why the whole business wasn't set in 1876 instead of 1936. "Alas" and "without avail" are followed by "certain acts that are unmentionable." The rain is "pitiless," the heath is "accursed," tears are "scalding," and cries are "wild" and "inarticulate." Disappointments are, of course, "cruel," sobs are "choking," and matters that are futile are "unutterably" so. Paul is swept by "storms of emotion" and "convulsive shudders" except for those moments when he is "crushed by the weight of disappointment" and biting his lips "fiercely."

The characters are as stereotyped as the language, the original prosecutor in the case (Sir Matthew Sprott) being an engine of knavery and the heroine (Lena Anderson), confusingly described as a Juno, a Madonna, and an Amazon, the misunderstood victim of a British raping party (what a picture of England Dr. Cronin draws!). Rees's villainous truculence toward his family is only the final touch of the bizarre in a novel that also features a purse made of human skin and a hitherto unrecorded illusion of the great magician Harry Houdini, an appearance at Wortley's Palace Theatre just nine years after his death.

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Matters of Manhood

Hal Ellson's "Summer Street" *(Ballantine Books, 132 pp. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢) is the story of the coming of adolescence to a big-city boy, its stuff drawn from a case-worker's files.*

By Nelson Algren

READERS of "Duke," "Tomboy," and "The Golden Spike" will discover a variation on a theme in Mr. Ellson's latest treatment of the big-city adolescent. For the first time his hero isn't pushing weed.

Mick Cargan's only underworld is that of his own sixteen-year-old emotions: "A being not child and yet not man, caught between the tides of adolescence and manhood, too old for one and too young for the other, but already believing himself a man no matter what the world thought—or his mother."

His mother's protective love impedes Mick in the business of being a man; while the calculated lust of the aging nymph behind the curtains across the summer street revolts him as a boy. Though he wants to escape his mother, he doesn't want to lose her. He doesn't want to feel her hold upon him, yet is reluctant to loose his own hold upon her. He doesn't want to be a child any longer; he wants to be a jet pilot. And would leapfrog the mystery of womanhood lying somewhere between if only he knew how.

Grace Sutton, the curtain-nymph's daughter, doesn't seem to dig her boy friend very deep. Indeed, she doesn't seem to dig much of anything. Alternating between a feigned awe of him, and a feigned contempt, she operates only upon the periphery of the conflict between the two older women. Mick gets out of all patience with her: "Let me tell you something else, too, you're a teaser, that's all. Do you want me to explain, innocent puss? Or have I said enough?"

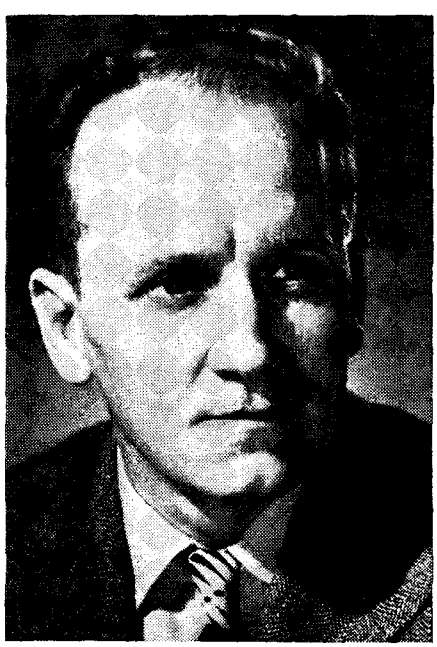
He's said enough. She tries the reader's patience, too. Her mother, at any rate, doesn't waste time in teasing. She gets a shot of bourbon down the jet-pilot's neck—and here readers should be forewarned that no living writer has developed the art of writing unromantically of love as highly as Mr. Ellson. Handing Mick a scribbled note, Mother Sutton urges him, "'See what it says' . . . in another moment she would fling herself upon him if he did not read the note. He lowered his eyes and found he had guessed right, though the message was not worded as expected. Simply and directly it said, 'Do you want to? Yes or no?'"

In the blaze of such passion, the boy nods uncertainly, thus tipping the scales in favor of manhood. When she slams the door in his face the following day he has trouble understanding her. Having been given proof of his manhood, how could she continue to treat him as a boy? And whether she has only been engaged in a diversionary operation, to throw the boy off her daughter's spoor, we can but conjecture.

Yet, once Mick's conflicting emotions toward the nymph have had time to fade, he remembers her with gratitude: "for by giving herself to him she had at once broken the invisible chains that had shackled him to that threatening past which all boys must finally and in their own way reject in order to survive as men."

Remembering the beauty and the mystery of sex in adolescence as explored by such writers as Vardis Fisher in his "In Tragic Life," in Raymond Radiguet's "The Devil and the Flesh," or, more recently, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi in "Awakening," the present work serves chiefly to remind one of how much Mr. Ellson leaves out. How, by declining to explore farther than the facts in his case-worker's file, he omits all the color, the complexity, and the light. How what he writes are thus not really novels at all, for all their sincerity and their courage, but only sociologically accurate accountings.

For all that, "Summer Street" remains a readable item for hammock or end-table.



—Glidden.

Hal Ellson—"readable item."

Cotswold Caesar

Thomas Hinde's "Mr. Nicholas" *(Farrar, Straus, & Young, 271 pp. $3) is a first novel of British family life that comes with high commendations. Mr. Havighurst, who reviews it here, is professor of English at Miami University, Ohio.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN HIS first novel, "Mr. Nicholas," a twenty-five-year-old Englishman named Thomas Hinde is giving a wry picture of family life in a suburban colony on the southern outskirts of London. Through the village of Rodenham, past the small estate of Pine Knoll, streams the constant summer traffic—"eight-horsepower family saloons, Women's Institute charabancs, and cream sports cars with two seats"—on their way to the sea coast. Across the valley comes the boom of mortar fire and the clank of tanks on the proving ground. But in the gardens and houses of Rodenham, cut off from the world by its own smugness and hostility, the little colony of retired Army officers and businessmen go through their round of emptiness and irritation. Something is wrong in Rodenham.

Mr. Hinde's focus is on the Nicholas family, and the petulant, quarrelsome family life is painfully real in these pages. Mrs. Nicholas, running a household without help, moves uncomplaining between kitchen, pantry, and dining room. The boys, Peter, Owen, and David, all underdeveloped, keep their distance from each other and fail to make common cause against their father. Mr. Nicholas, vain, self-centered, tyrannical, irritates them all, and often irritates himself. He is having an unexciting love affair with a neighbor, the wife of an American who somewhere in the United States owns "eight underwear factories and nineteen cars."

Though the jacket speaks of Mr. Nicholas's "enormous vitality," you will find him merely a vain and dictatorial little man. His petty tyranny poisons the atmosphere of the household. It drives young David to the confidence of a retired artillery captain; it sends Owen into solitary brooding over his scale models; it makes Peter welcome the end of his summer holiday and his return to Oxford.

Mr. Nicholas takes seriously cricket, tennis, and billiards; games of all sorts rouse his combative instinct. He is a man who enjoys quarreling and

(*Continued on page* 33)

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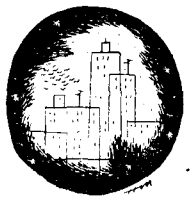
How to Schedule Humanity



Most of the communities that have grown so enormously during the last generation represent new and exciting ideas in town planning. Here Christopher Tunnard, who heads the Graduate Program in City Planning at Yale, reports on five lately published books in this active field. Mr. Tunnard himself will have a new history of city planning in the bookshops shortly: "The City of Man," to be published by Scribner.

By Christopher Tunnard

STROLLING along a leafy lane in Aurora, Illinois, or Morristown, New Jersey (if anyone does stroll nowadays), the visitor may not be aware that behind the trim white facades or the faded shingle porches live people who are genuinely concerned about what is happening to their neighborhood, their town, or the larger city next door. It is a far cry today from the Village Improvement Societies of the 1880's, when all that seemed necessary was to plant the very trees which now provide such welcome shade. The curious will find that it is the school board, the selectmen (and women), the zoning board, and the town planning commission, composed largely of unpaid citizens, which are making decisions to shape the community for years to come—choosing sites for schools, determining the size of lots, preventing the approach of industry or encouraging it, and in general making varied use of powers delegated under their state laws for preserving and developing the local environment.

The democratic principle is being applied to town planning—with all the attendant mistakes of judgment, the confusion of ideas and ideals, and the resulting discouragement when things go wrong or when nothing is done because of disagreement. But the process is at work; people are learning through success or failure, and it is a very healthy thing that community control in shaping the physical scene is proceeding by trial and error in the United States as never before in its history. Walter Blucher, executive director of the American Society of Planning Officials, estimated in a recent letter to the reviewer that there are over 2,000 planning agencies at the local level in this country today; in 1907 there was only one—Hartford, Connecticut—claiming the distinction of being the first city to establish planning on an official basis.

"Tomorrow's Chicago," by Arthur Hillman and Robert J. Casey (University of Chicago Press, $3.50), sets out with a worthy aim—to educate the people of that city, and especially its high-school children, in wise methods of community planning. Its authors—a journalist and a professor of sociology at Roosevelt College—reflect the changed attitude toward planning on the part of official America from the City Beautiful of the first quarter of the century to the City Beneficial of the second, when housing reform, traffic engineering, and public works began to loom on the municipal horizon. The new attitude, with its emphasis on the social sciences, has not been devoid of Veblenesque overtones denying the beautiful and favoring the useful, but it has helped to focus attention on the horror of the slum, which City Beautiful planners also decried but hadn't the machinery to cure.

In a city which contains some of the worst urban areas in the country this book will be valuable. It shows how slums can be rebuilt into livable neighborhoods based on a comprehensive plan, how traffic congestion and the parking problem can be attacked, how to select school sites, how local planning units work, and how they can be set up. "In the long run," say the authors, describing what Chicago *could* be like if well planned, "the city would be beautiful because every element in the natural landscape would be used to the best advantage of the community as a whole." Does this necessarily follow? Beauty considered as a by-product of planning instead of as an aim in itself is a noticeable blind spot of current planning literature. The many illustrations in "Tomorrow's Chicago" include factories, highways, housing projects, and playgrounds, but they are not very inspiring, and there are no fountains, no sculptures, no dramatic views of Chicago's proudest boast and own invention—the skyscrapers—which in Walt Whitman's day were considered a symbol of democracy, but which among intellectuals of the City Beneficial movement seem merely to conjure up the Money Lords who built them. Art remains the greatest interest-arouser yet discovered, and writers of contemporary textbooks on planning could use its power to advantage.

THOSE who wish to see American cities adopt a more appropriate form will find the same omission in **"An Approach to Urban Planning,"** edited by Gerald Breese and Dorothy E. Whiteman (Princeton University Press, $2). Listing the factors involved in a planning program, the editors mention economics, population, land use, housing, transportation, and "municipal fiscal realities," but never architecture or civic design. Aiming at an adult group, this series of lectures is a serious, informed attempt by planning experts to enlighten the layman. The most provocative contribution is from Charles K. Agle, who worked on the current rezoning proposals for New York City. He finds that the main objections to planning are political, upbraids the fickleness of Congress in making appropriations for it, and replies to the calumny that American planning is "malignant socialism" by proving it "just about as socialistic as weeding a garden or taking a tommy-gun away from a gangster." He has no illusions about the current urban redevelopment program for American cities, calling it a drop in the bucket, but he goes on to show how it can be expanded beyond its present period of "doubtful visibility." "Up to this point our cities have been like the Mad Hatter's tea party," says Mr. Agle. "Once we use up an area, we move to another without washing up the dishes where we sat first." By contrast, he finds urban-redevelopment authorities "the most exciting crack in the dam of planning impotence and inertia that has happened yet." Charles McKim Norton provides a thoughtful essay on the neglected subject of metropolitan transportation, and, among other contributions, there is a valuable statement on the goals of land use planning by Norman Williams, Jr., a lawyer turned planner who is active in New York

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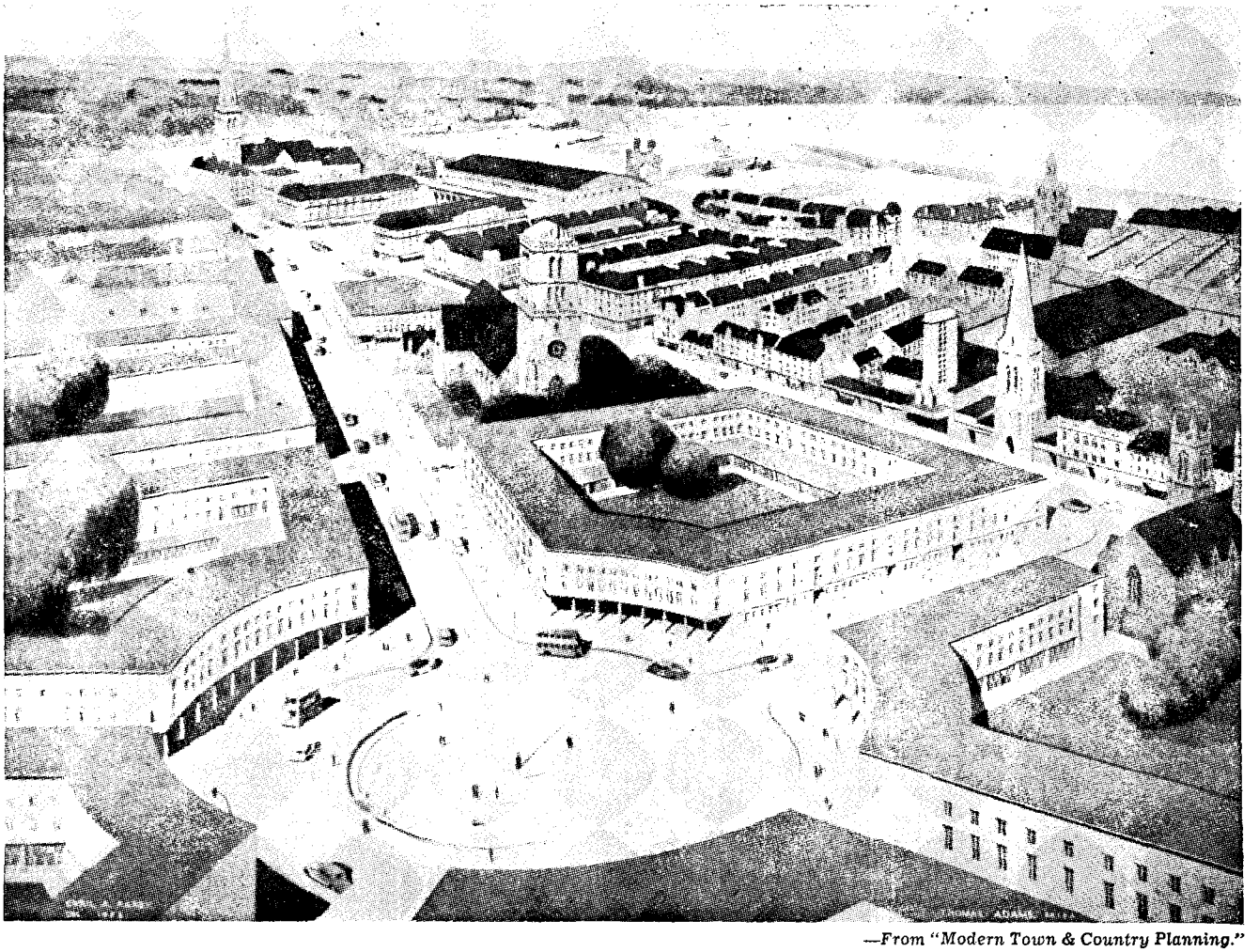
housing and planning circles. "The difficulty rests in deciding what kind of cities we want," conclude the editors. "Ultimately these decisions rest with the public." Agreed, and perhaps this informative little volume will help it to decide.

During the recent coronation festivities "canned" nightingales sang in Berkeley Square—appropriate mechanical heralds of the parking garages that the British, in imitation of San Francisco's Union Square excavation, are now proposing to build under some of their lovely green spaces in the West End of London. But if they are now adopting American traffic solutions, these islanders have given us more planning notions than we can match in return—garden cities, satellite towns, redevelopment methods for central areas, ring roads, and a host of other ideas adopted in one form or another over here. In **"Utopia Ltd."** (Yale University Press, $4.50) Harold Orlans describes in detail the first of the new town experiments at Stevenage, a satellite community of 60,000 people not yet completed, designed with others to check London's suburban growth by jumping the outer ring of the Great Wen and establishing new centers of homes and industry surrounded by belts of productive agricultural land. This American anthropologist is exhaustive in his research amongst newspapers, local inhabitants, and Government "white papers," and he tries in a wealth of evidence to give us both sides of a controversial experiment in democratic planning.

IN bringing what seems to be a "free enterprise" mentality to bear on a major policy of the recent Labor Government, the scientist in Mr. Orlans is hard put to it to explain the phenomenon of Stevenage in any but the most objective terms, carefully refraining from value judgments and letting his notebooks tell the story. But he indulges himself toward the end by trying to marry American corporate enterprise with British Labor Party Socialism. "Surely it is more a difference of name than substance that separates the social principles of, let us say, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Parkchester development in New York City and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning's Stevenage New Town." He finds monopolistic tendencies in both organizations—but does he really think that their attitudes and responsibility toward the people are the same? The social principles of Metropolitan Life, who also built Stuyvesant Town, are worth a book of this detail in themselves. Incidentally, Mr. Orlans's careful methods give the best account of the "flats versus houses" controversy yet to appear in print.

If British America had been colonized in feudal times, we would have had another legacy—the English village. As it was, we built scattered towns on open lots where farmers bought and sold but neither congregated in "tied" cottages nor were ruled by the lord of the manor. For this we are thankful, but we love the picturesque groupings of the English village, sometimes wishing we had not been architecturally so independent. We can learn much about the changing life that is still lived there from **"The English Village,"** W. P. Baker's wise and leisurely contribution to the Home University Library Series (Oxford, $2). Mr. Baker has not only observed but studied the problems of rural industry, political organization, and social change. He has useful suggestions to make for



—From "Modern Town & Country Planning."

Redevelopment proposals for Dundee, Scotland (1933)—"city, town, and village are today interdependent."

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ensuring the future of this feudal survival. He realizes that city, town, and village are today interdependent and puts some faith in the grouping of villages for health and school facilities, the latter for adult as well as child education. He gives great credit to the Women's Institutes for bringing social problems to the fore: American women, who have often borne the family responsibility for local reforms, would feel at home in the weekly gathering to hear a speaker discuss world or local affairs, and make tea in the village hall. The book explains local government system clearly and can be highly recommended as an introduction to the realities as well as the poetry of rural life.

"Modern Town and Country Planning," by James W. R. Adams (British Book Centre, $6), is a revised edition of "Recent Advances in Town Planning," written in 1932 by the present author's father, Thomas Adams, and published in this country by the Macmillan Company. The younger Adams, who also worked on the original volume, has attempted to bring this excellent old book up to date by adding illustrations and information on recent practice, but so much has happened both in Great Britain and the rest of the world in twenty years that he would have done better to leave it alone and offer us a new survey, which, as a British planner of wide experience, he is eminently capable of writing.

Luxury vs. Clarity

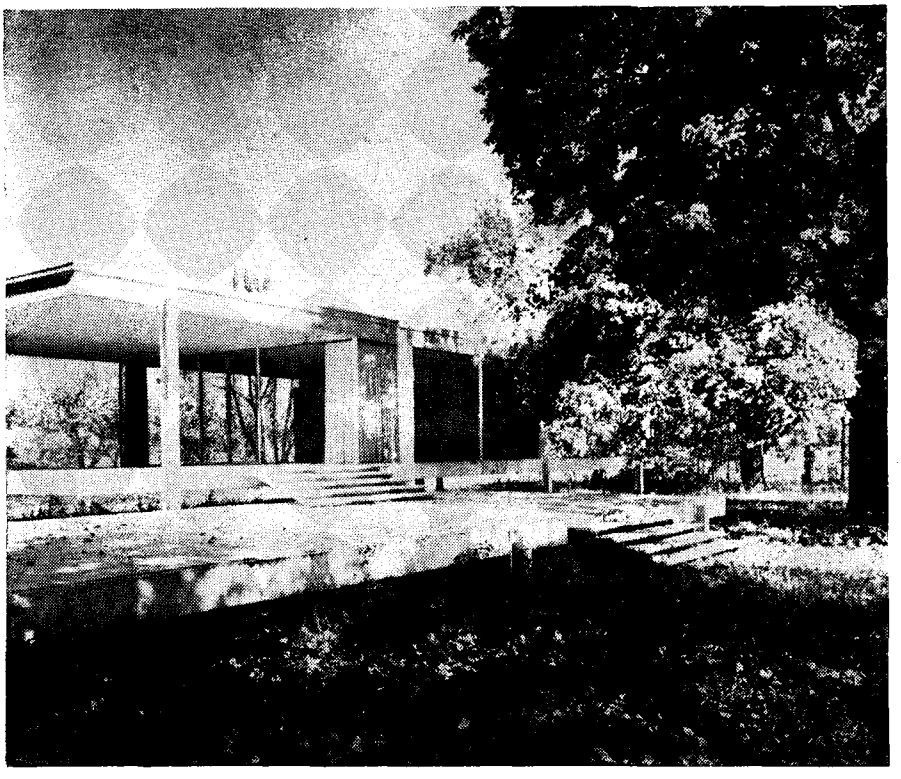
"The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment," edited by Coleman Woodbury *(University of Chicago Press. 764 pp. $9) analyzes the problems that arise when great numbers settle in small areas. Professor Gaus of Harvard's government department, who reviews it here, is the author of "Reflections on Public Administration."*

By John M. Gaus

THE specialists—in municipal government, in substantive fields of land use, real estate, housing, city planning—will use "The Future of Cities and Urban Development," edited by Coleman Woodbury, whether as students or practitioners; the eleven participants are so distinguished in their several fields, from social analysis to design, as to insure its steady use as a reference and a source of data and diagnostic aid. But the nature of the problems of our cities set forth in the book is in itself evidence of our failure to comprehend the environment in which more than half of us live—and nearly a third of us, in the United States, live in the unorganized organisms of the fourteen metropolitan areas of over a million people. Our sight, imagination, and understanding have been outstripped.

That is why this volume might best be put to use not only by the specialists but, let us imagine, by neighborhood discussion groups. Let them for a time postpone the Great Books, or the Problem of the Middle East, or the Review of the Current Plays, and apportion among their members a chapter—or a section—each of this book, with each reader keeping a scrapbook of the news items in the local paper relevant to his assignment and of notes of personally observed illustrations from his cityscape that support or deny or qualify his author's views. Let there be a large map of the place at the meeting, perhaps from the city planning office. And let them all begin with the common assignment of Part V, by Coleman Woodbury, the editor, on Background and Prospects of Urban Redevelopment in the United States, which with un-editorial modesty he has placed at the end. And let them end on a restudy of that section to test his insights and ponder the humane wisdom of, for example, his views on urban leadership, morale, and human prejudice. And then let them test themselves and their city by what they will have learned, and by the added richness in enjoyment and awareness they will have gained as they go about their affairs in a now, for them, more meaningful environment.

What sorts of things will they find here—and are there some things they may ask for but fail to find? (The index, by the way, is a bit skimpy and they may not find it easy to discover what is where. But the print is good!) Let them proceed from Part V to Part II—also by Woodbury, with the assistance of Frank Cliffe, on Industrial Location, and ask themselves why their city is where it is, what it offers, who come, who leave, and why; then go to Part III on "the urbanite," which is themselves, and try out the newer sociological inquiries on who they are, their needs and desires in the physical and social setting of their lives, and check these by what Slayton and Dewey report of other urbanites. Then for a change of pace and outlook they should turn to Part 1, for the series of brief essays on Goals, Design, and Strategy—not much of the latter, for we approach



The "Veblenite": Mïes von der Rohe's summer home for Dr. Edith Farnsworth (1950).

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Music and Dance Notes

LUTHERAN HYMNS: In **"The Chorale through Four Hundred Years"** (Muhlenberg Press, $2.50) Professor Edwin Liemohn, of Wartburg College in Iowa, has made a serious study of that part of the Lutheran service which belongs properly to the congregation—the chorales. Some of the tunes to which the new texts of Luther and others were set dated back many years and had long been associated with secular—often amorous—words. This fact was considered a help rather than a hindrance, for it meant that the music was already familiar and often very popular. With frequent musical examples Professor Liemohn traces the histories of some of these tunes through various stages until they came to occupy important positions in the passions and cantatas of Bach. The growth, development, and functions of such hymns in Germany, the Scandinavian countries, and America are followed down to modern times.

With the numerous books constantly appearing on every aspect of musical history, it was inevitable that this important field should be explored. The presentation is in textbook style, set forth simply and factually. The writer's final paragraph pretty well sums up his point of view: "The Lutheran chorale has had a profound influence upon the development of music as an art and upon church music in particular. The heritage of Lutheran hymnody from its various sources presents today one of the greatest single stores of congregational music and the greatest challenge to the Lutheran church in America to refine and preserve this treasure for posterity." —PHILIP L. MILLER.

ENGLISH PASTIMES: In **"The Englishman Makes Music"** (British Book Centre, $4) Reginald Nettel offers not a book about composers or about the performers of public music (the great choral festivals excepted), but a side glance down the byways of tonic sol-fa, catches, and glees that is as English as trifle and savory. Mr. Nettel has a love for the homespun music-making that, while it largely took the place of something professional which might have been much better musically, at least had the value of involving large numbers of ordinary people in the actual production of what they believed to be art. After an introductory chapter in which he attempts to set aside the common view that nothing musical of value happened in England between the heyday of Handel and the late nineteenth century, he proceeds to tell us, most amusingly, what did happen in that curious period stretching roughly from 1750 to 1875. And I am afraid that he convinces us that the very numerous pseudo-musical events of that period, while they must have entertained and refreshed their participants, had little or nothing to do with what non-Englishmen would customarily call the art of music. I can think of few books that so well and amiably—if unintentionally—define the British qualities of crotchety insularity. Scarcely a book for readers interested in music as such, "The Englishman Makes Music" will have great appeal for anyone who enjoys watching the natives of that tight little island at work on their own peculiar, highly individual, and often seemingly footless pastimes.

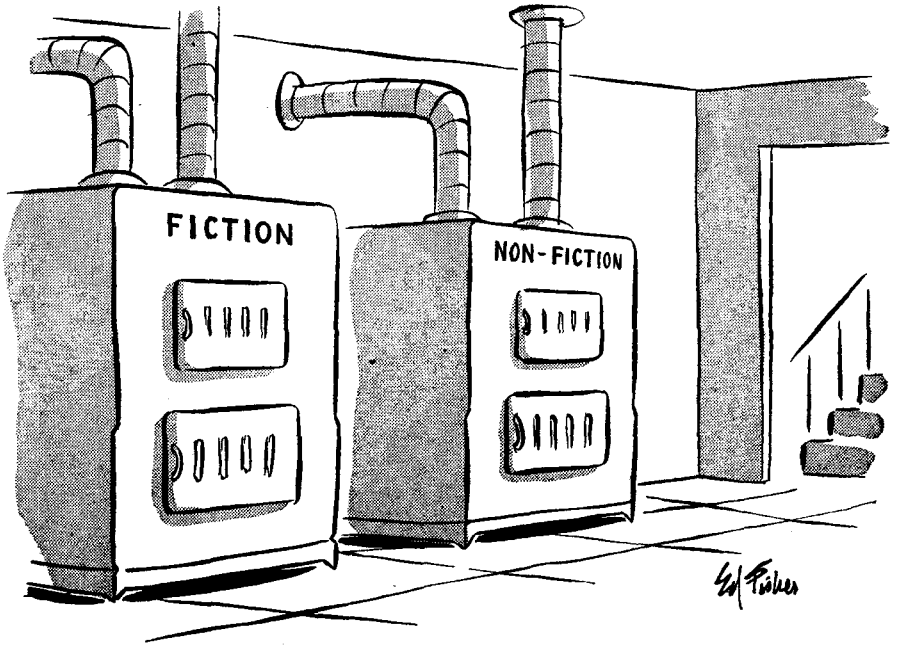
—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

INTRODUCTION TO BALLET: The purpose of Monk Gibbon's book, **"An Intruder at the Ballet"** (British Book Centre, $4.50), is undoubtedly to interest the uninitiated adult in the art of ballet. An Irish poet and prose writer, Mr. Gibbon is obviously a sincere ballet lover who is capable of relating his ideas on the subject in a literate way. He offers an introduction to the ballet and then attempts a synthesis of individual works, performances, performers, audiences in general and balletomanes in particular. All of this is presented in a highly personal manner. One can agree or, just as easily, disagree with Mr. Gibbon's opinions; but they are his very own.

—ROSALYN KROKOVER.

GRAB BAG OF THE BALLET YEAR: Balletomanes will enjoy browsing through the latest issue—the seventh—of the **"Ballet Annual,"** edited by Arnold L. Haskell (Macmillan, $5). As usual it is a grab bag of miscellaneous information. Mr. Haskell contributes a stimulating critical survey of the London season which, in this case, includes the Sadler's Wells, New York City Ballet, Festival Ballet, and other important companies as well as outstanding solo recitals. The American scene is discussed by P. W. Manchester, Anatole Chujoy, and Ann Barzell. There are accounts of ballet in Canada, Australia, Denmark, Paris, and Chile. Television productions also get extended mention; and stereoscopic film, which has already been used successfully for dance in London, sounds like something to look forward to. —R. K.

LIKELY TO SURVIVE: Cyril W. Beaumont continues his encyclopedic work, "The Complete Book of Ballets," with a **"Supplement"** (British Book Centre, $4.50), concerned with first performances of ballets premiered from 1937-41 which are likely to survive. Like the "Complete Book" itself, it gives biographical essays on the choreographers, analyses of the stories, and detailed records of first performances. Among the choreographers of the fifty-six ballets covered are Fokine, Massine, de Valois, Loring, Christensen, Ashton, Tudor, Lifar, and Howard. Of special interest are discussions of the ballets produced in Russia during those years and the half dozen nineteenth-century ballets by Charles Didelot and August Bournonville. For those who have the original volume this supplement is a necessary addition. Let us hope Mr. Beaumont has still another volume in the making that will carry the story from 1941 to the present day. —R. K.



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The Wing-Without Feathers

ONE of the best ways for a drama student or teacher to get himself a quick dosage of up-to-date Broadway theatre practice is to attend some of the five-week accelerated seminars that are starting here this week at New York's American Theatre Wing Professional School. In the eight years of its operation the West Forty-eighth Street non-profit academy has come to be known for its "horse's mouth" approach to show business.

There is Lee Strasberg, whose past reputation as a group theatre director is generally better known than his current less spectacular but equally valuable contribution as working head of the Actor's Studio. In addition to giving his regular class in stage direction, Mr. Strasberg is this summer inaugurating a brand-new course in theatre research. Whatever excitement is lacking in the title is more than made up for by Mr. Strasberg's own eager anticipation of working with the subject.

"Research in the theatre," he says with a measured inflection that tells you he has weighed it all logically, "is different from research in the other arts. In painting, music, sculpture the actual object of the research exists, and research is therefore an extra thing. In the theatre, however, the object is the performance and that is gone. All that exists is one detail—the script."

Mr. Strasberg feels that the theatre researcher must go on from that detail to re-create the original object much as an archeologist reconstructs a vase from a fragment. "The only way he can do that," continues the director-teacher, "is to examine all the evidence with a *theatre imagination* instead of just an academic interest. Naturally, the more a researcher has worked with actors on stages the better the job he will be able to do."

It is because most of our theatre history has been compiled by the strictly academic that—in Mr. Strasberg's opinion—we have accumulated a hodge-podge of facts and static photographs in our libraries which fail to give us a real idea of what bygone theatre epochs were really like.

"A couple of years ago I, my wife, and my daughter Susie went to Italy and visited the famous old theatre at Vicenza," he says in a matter-of-course tone. "Up on the stage they've still got the original old perspective scenery, so we all went up and ran around in the set. And for the first time in my life I realized that perspective scenery was *not* scenery painted in perspective, but a little three-dimensional town built on the stage in which actors could be seen disappearing and reappearing through scenery that went farther and farther back. I began to visualize how specific plays could be done in such a setting and how the original performances must have been done."

If Mr. Strasberg's course is as effective as his conversation is provocative, producers may in the future be able to go and read about the different ways in which a classic has been approached in other productions, not in a series of static pictures or dry notes, but in a brilliantly described reconstruction of performance that will make immediate and stimulating sense to the theatre worker.

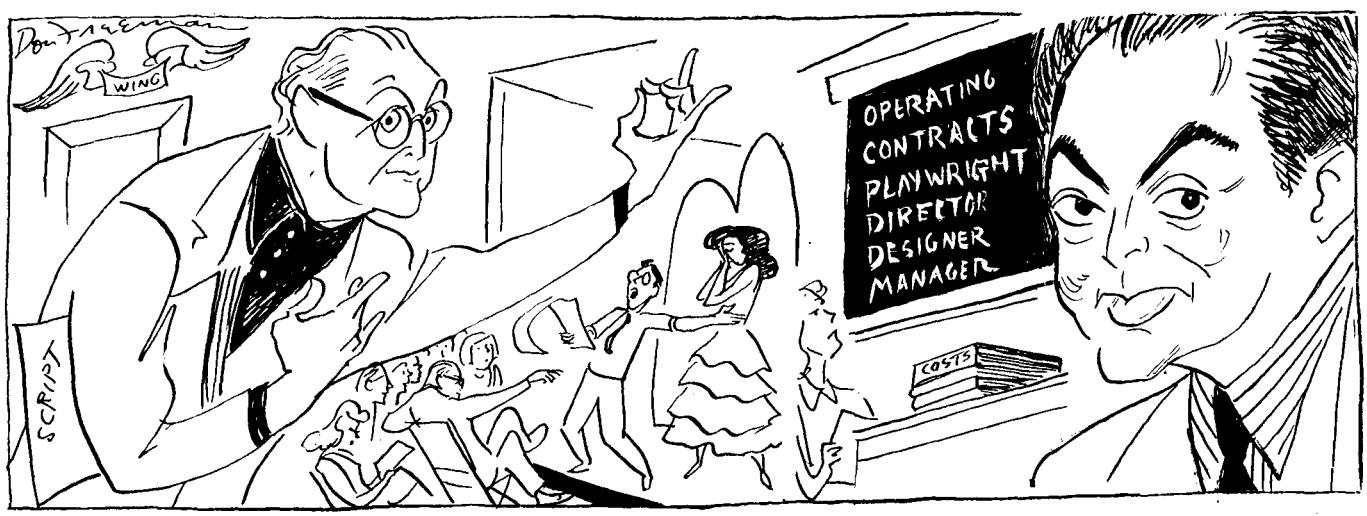
One of these producers may be Kermit Bloomgarden, who is also passing on the fruits of his experience to Wing students. In contrast to Mr. Strasberg, who is constantly searching for the hypothetical truths that can be analyzed out of practical theatre work, Mr. Bloomgarden is always applying high principles to arrive at low budgets.

"Since our class is private, we're able to say things about particular persons or events that we would never wish to say in print," explains the cigar-smoking producer.

BECAUSE candor is the order of the day, he paints a discouraging picture for get-rich-quick hopefuls who are planning to become producers. "Do you know there have been many so-called hit plays like 'Anne of a Thousand Days' which have run a year or so without recovering their investment? In these cases the producers didn't receive one cent for their work."

However, the new producer coming into the field will henceforth not have to face this danger. The Committee of Theatrical Producers has now established a salary of 1½ per cent of the gross to be paid the producer during the period the play is trying to earn back its original investment. "Of course," points out Mr. Bloomgarden, "this salary will be deducted from the producer's eventual profit."

Under the best possible conditions that profit may amount to about $160,000, including the producer's 40 per cent share in the sale of motion-picture rights. After taxes are paid he is left with about $40,000 which



Lee Strasberg and Kermit Bloomgarden—"the 'horse's mouth' approach to show business."

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must see him through his lean years.

Yet Mr. Bloomgarden is more than just an astute businessman. He is a philosopher about collaboration between the producer, the director, and the scene-designer, and feels that the artistic way in the long run is the profitable way. For instance, he will do any play that Lillian Hellman or Arthur Miller writes. In the case of Miss Hellman he has so far lost money with "Montserrat," "The Autumn Garden," and "The Children's Hour," but she is a good playwright whose work will eventually make more than it loses. In the case of Mr. Miller he is already well ahead of the game with "All My Sons" and "Death of a Salesman."

MR. BLOOMGARDEN believes that the producer must try to avoid giving his collaborators restricting ultimatums. "I remember in 'Death of a Salesman' Jo Mielziner worked out a lighting scheme that would have cost $30,000. We just couldn't afford it, and someone suggested I tell Jo we could spend $20,000 and not one cent more. However, I just went to Jo and asked him to cut down wherever he could, and he ended up with a $19,000 plan that was excellent because it had come out of his own creativity."

Mr. Bloomgarden has great respect for such creativity. "Some people think Jo's ideas are too expensive," says the tough-minded producer. "But he is an artist who paints with light. What's more, he knows his business so well that what extra his lights cost you will be canceled out by his taking four hours to do what might take another man twenty."

Other high principles which Mr. Bloomgarden will throw at his students include his conviction that a producer should produce only what seems good to him, and not necessarily what he thinks audiences will like; and his description of the function of the producer as a man who "throws out sparks that will stimulate the author and director to make better use of their own creativity, rather than as a dictator who gives literal orders which if followed will often kill the quality of the play."

Such lessons are not learned quickly in the theatre and Wing students may have to make a few mistakes of their own before they can fully use what they will be told in the five-week session. But the words of Messrs. Bloomgarden, Strasberg, and the rest of the Wing faculty will alloy well with the fine precepts that are handed out by English professors; they could bring Broadway and the college campus a little closer together. It wouldn't hurt.

—HENRY HEWES.

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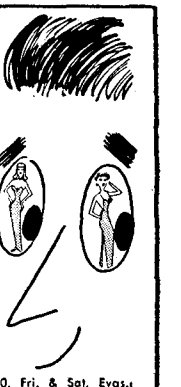

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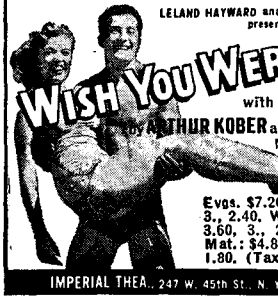

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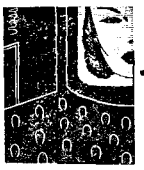

Hommage à Fred Astaire

ONE of the happiest memories from my childhood has Fred Astaire whirling about the stage for an entire evening, save for a couple of brief comic interludes featuring Frank Morgan and Helen Broderick, in a gay musical revue entitled "The Band Wagon." Of course, there must have been times when Astaire was off changing his dancing shoes or resting up after his arduous routines. But that is just the point about Astaire's dancing. It always seems so effortless that one imagines he could go on forever. More than any other performer, Astaire gives the impression that he dances out of delight in pure movement, out of sheer love for music and for life.

Think how a typical Astaire number begins. The rhythm sneaks in on the sound track. Astaire hears it and responds by quietly stamping his feet, bobbing his head, and clapping his hands. Suddenly the spirit of the music seems to engulf him. With a great swing of his body he abandons himself completely to its spell, building elegant and graceful designs while his feet tap out intricate grace-notes to the melody. As both music and dance reach their climax, Astaire becomes more and more absorbed in his extraordinary pattern-weaving. Only when the music subsides does he become once more relaxed, cheerful, aware of his audience. Often he shuffles off at the end of a number with a lazy, self-amused smile and a limp wave of the hand. "This little foolishness of mine is past now, folks," he seems to be saying in modest self-deprecation.

Far from minding it, two decades of movie fans have eagerly lapped it up. For twenty years—ever since "Dancing Lady" in 1933—Astaire has maintained undisputed his position as our leading song and dance man. His long series of pictures with Ginger Rogers set a new style for movie musicals, establishing a level of wit, sophistication, and lyricism such as had rarely been seen on the screen before (or, be it admitted, often enough since). Writers like Howard Lindsay and P. G. Wodehouse were called in to do the screenplays on Astaire pictures; Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Vincent Youmans, Jerome Kern, and George Gershwin were among the composers who contributed scores. To name the songs from old Astaire movies is tantamount to listing the finest in popular jazz during the Thirties. Two of his best films from those days, "Top Hat" and "Swing Time," are soon to be re-released by RKO, reminders to a new generation that not all old movies are as awkward and primitive as television's samplings would suggest.

And now, as their own kind of memorial album, M-G-M has revived **"The Band Wagon"**—or at least, a number of the fine old Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz tunes from it. A new story line by Betty Comden and Adolph Green (co-authors of the current "Wonderful Town") has been added which turns it into a curiously personalized Astaire saga. Unlike the Tony Hunter of its story, of course, Astaire need never worry about making a Broadway appearance to bolster his waning popularity. But as the script adroitly reminds us, many of his early films are quite literally museum pieces (the Museum of Modern Art), and the man himself, at fifty-four, occupies something of the position of an old master in his art. Yet as he moves easily and gracefully through this picture, one thinks less of the patina of age—such as characterizes the performance of his dancing partner, Jack Buchanan—than of the youthful resiliency of his step and the precision of his gesture. And though that precision, that sureness of placement in relation to the camera and his fellow artists, is obviously the result of long experience, it is also essentially ageless.

It would be pleasant to report that "The Band Wagon" shares some of the perfection of its star performer, but, unfortunately, that is not completely true. It is a big, cheerful, Technicolored show with numerous high points, including a hilarious ballet burlesquing the Mickey Spillane school of lethal literature, an old Dietz and Schwartz specialty called "Triplets" that first turned up in "Between the Devil," and a philosophical new number written by the duo specifically for this picture, "That's Entertainment" (which somehow reflects Dietz both as lyricist and vice-president-in-charge-of-publicity for M-G-M). But best of all is a simple soft-shoe by Astaire and Buchanan to the tune of "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan." In the midst of all the frantic plot twists and gaudy production numbers, it stands out through its quiet charm and unpretentiousness. Cyd Charisse proves a happy choice as co-star, especially in the intricate choreography Michael Kidd devised to "Dancing in the Dark," while Nanette Fabray and Oscar Levant are on hand to supply the comic relief. But even though there are no less than fifteen musical numbers in this movie version of "The Band Wagon," I found myself wishing we were back in 1932 when, it seemed, Fred Astaire danced *all* the time.

* * *

Some pictures seem to have been made with July and August specifically in mind, providing the stay-at-homes with a two-hour vacation in distant climes at nominal expense. Such, for example, is **"Return to Paradise"** (United Artists), filmed in the South Seas in ravishing Technicolor, replete with swaying palms, blue lagoons, and pretty native girls in bright sarongs. The plot, furnished by a James Michener book, is a somewhat complicated affair that jumps awkwardly from 1929 to the last war and involves Gary Cooper with a Scottish missionary turned island despot, a beautiful native, and, later, his illegitimate daughter by the girl. Despite an excellent performance, Barry Jones provides no coherent explanation of the missionary's connection with the story, but Roberta Haynes is so convincing as the native girl that it comes as something of a shock to learn from the fan magazines that she had never been south of Hollywood prior to this role. Unfortunately, she dies before the film is half over. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

The Band Wagon: Reviewed in this issue.

Stalag 17: How plenty of horseplay enlivens the tedium of a German prison; the successful Broadway play faithfully transplanted. (*SR* July 4.)

Julius Caesar: A magnificent setting of the Shakespeare tragedy, with Sir John Gielgud as Cassius in the van of a cast glittering with electricity and passion. (*SR* June 6.)

The Juggler: A wanderer's struggle to fit into the alien homeland of Israel; title role superbly acted by Kirk Douglas. (*SR* May 9.)

Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)

Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

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Trash Is Where You Find It

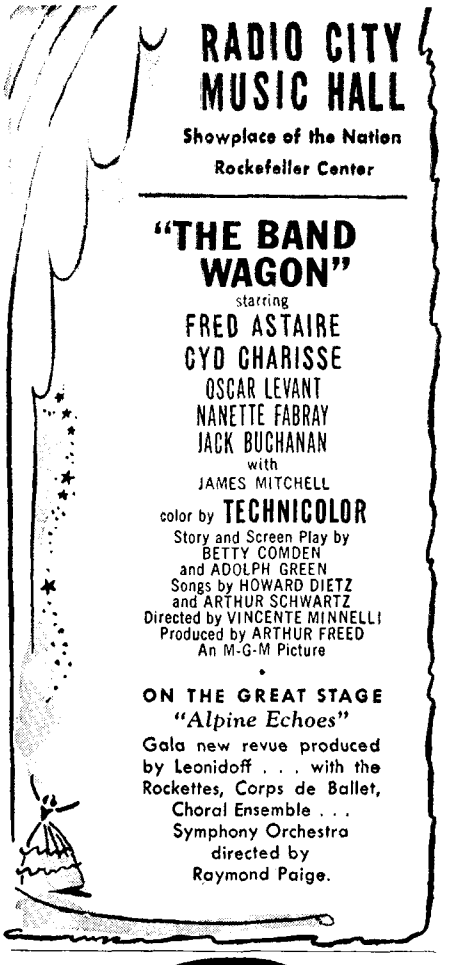
TWICE a year on the average John Crosby, that sound and readable critic of broadcasting, writes a piece to reassure his readers, or himself, that he isn't an intellectual. The rest of the time Mr. Crosby responds with sense and sensibility to what is good on the air and reacts with vigor against the unworthy. A production of "Amahl" can render him almost speechless with emotion, and he can analyze the delicate technique of Gracie Allen with the same sure touch that he has for a pretentious commercial. But to maintain his standing as a plain tough guy who isn't, when you come right down to it, interested in the art of television or its social effects, Mr. Crosby has developed an infallible method: by poking fun at those whom he calls "serious thinkers" he "proves" that he isn't one himself.

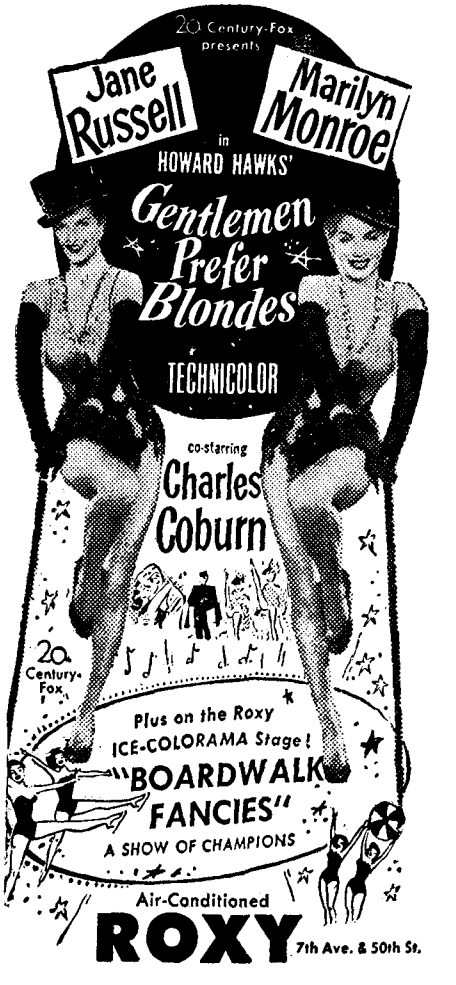
A few weeks ago he discussed a question raised by one of these thinkers, the question whether the immense amount of trash that accompanies the good things in television won't in the long run stifle our capacity to understand the first rate. The critic had credited broadcasting with increasing the enjoyment of good music and with taking political problems out of the committee room and into the living room; Mr. Crosby agreed and added that "the general level of dramatic shows is not great, but it is certainly 1,000 per cent higher than the stuff they put on in tent shows when I was a boy." And then he came to grips with the real question: "And what is trash exactly? Burns and Allen? 'Your Show of Shows'? Or Groucho Marx? I don't think so."

I was interested in this because I was the critic Mr. Crosby was discussing, and it surprised me that after five years of watching television Mr. Crosby couldn't bring up the name of any program less rewarding than the three he mentioned. Mr. Crosby's thoughtful readers could see at once that he wasn't accusing me of thinking these three programs are trash, but if he really wanted his question to be answered he should have provided some borderline cases too. "The Stork Club," for example, and "Martin Kane," and any of five foolish, imitative panel shows, and B-movies of 1947—or are these, perhaps, not borderline? If it were said that some architectural atrocities had been erected in New York in the past fifty years you couldn't brush the matter aside by asking whether Lever House, Rockefeller Center, and Grand Central Station are atrocities.

The significance of Mr. Crosby's approach is in the implication that no one knows what trash is exactly. The producers of mass entertainment of all kinds are happy to have this gospel spread by perceptive and influential critics; and since the disciples of Irving Babbitt have been driven out of the critical field, it is fashionable to pretend not to know good from bad. Particularly in the popular arts, where no firm rules have ever been laid down and there are virtually no traditions, it is easy to say "there are no rigid formulas" and make that an excuse for passing no judgments based on standards rising out of experienced taste. It is precisely the duty of a critic to be able to recognize inferior stuff, to make clear how he arrives at his judgments, and to impress himself upon the public so that in the end the managers of our entertainments will raise the quality of their output. That is, incidentally, what Mr. Crosby has been doing for years. It is something to be proud of, not to disown.

THE lack of professional pride (which is part of "the treason of the intellectuals," not quite in Benda's sense) has some important effects. Some fifty years ago William Butler Yeats recognized the symptoms, and although broadcasting had not begun and the movies had barely touched his native land he specifically connected them with the popular arts. "Our modern public arts, architecture, plays . . . ," he wrote in his diary, "have too many different tastes to please, some taste is sure to dislike and to speak its dislike everywhere, and because of the silence of the rest, partly from apathy, partly from dislike of controversy, partly from the difficulty of defense, as compared with the ease of attack, there is general timidity." Our situation is the reverse of the one Yeats described in one respect: it is the dissenter from general approval who hesitates to speak, and because the approval is so massive, because it runs to ratings of popularity that indicate the satisfaction of tens of millions, the





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silence and general timidity are turned, by a reverse snobbery, into an almost positive virtue: "although I am a critic, qualified for my job, I really am no more discriminating than everyone else, and the voice of the populace is the voice of God, esthetically speaking." Or, for that matter, morally or socially speaking.

This flabbiness of mind has many parallels. Again and again you find trained people, specialists in their business, being apologetic about it, as when a famous pianist says something about a "cadenza," and adds, "whatever *that* is." It is good to see the stuffiness of pedants dribble away, it is fun to watch a Metropolitan Opera star joining in the fun with a Jimmie Durante, and to me it is even important for the special vocabularies of the esthetes to be translated into common terms; but the specialist in popular music doesn't smirk and pretend to be unlettered when he is discussing the intricacies of barrelhouse and blues, and I see no reason why the enthusiast for Stravinsky should feel compelled to be anything but what he is. It is not, of course, merely a matter of words, but of what the words are used for; eventually the ideas conveyed must also be limited, nothing subtle or complex must be said or thought. A time comes when the "scientific" proof offered by the commercial has a greater intellectual density than anything provided on the program itself.

The break between the intellectual and the average intelligent man is not going to be bridged by the intellectual's pretense of having a mind no better trained than that of the subaverage. Not by pretending that taste and discrimination have no standing.

THE intellectual has betrayed himself because, often enough, he has not been discriminating. He has talked as if a ballgame or a mystery show or a Western movie could be, in itself, trash because such entertainments do not exercise the highest faculties of the audience. This has often led him to be the enemy of entertainment and justified the attempt of more liberal-minded critics to dissociate themselves from him. If all the networks, all the time, presented nothing but sports, the total would not be socially desirable, but a good tight game in a World Series would still be a proper event to broadcast. And the same is true for virtually all the *kinds* of program that get on the air. It is the prevalence of the second- and third-rate that the critic is bound to note, the second- or third-rate, that is, *of its kind*. The critic cannot require broadcasting, which serves all the people, to use nothing but pure gold; but he can ask that pennies and nickels and dimes should each have the legal minimum of their respective metals, that they should be genuine currency, not counterfeit.

There are programs on the air (one of which I have mentioned above) that seem to me to affront the human intelligence; they excite and satisfy low and mean curiosities; but if I were a dictator, with full power to drive them off the air, I should permit them to continue, at least so long as there was room for more desirable programs of the same general sort. The programs I should like to see less of are those which start with a borrowed idea and develop it without freshness or conviction and without bringing us into the presence of anything strong or distinguished. They are the substitutes for excellence, and it is pretty well established that people can live so long on substitutes that they lose their taste for the more distinctive flavor and the unique virtues of the original. The drama on television is better than Mr. Crosby's tent shows precisely because the theatre continued to exist in spite of the movies and radio and television; and one of the reasons it continued was that its critics recognized trash when they saw it and had no reason to pretend that they didn't know what it was. —GILBERT SELDES.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 527

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 527 will be found in the next issue.

L PLANT BY CREST L

TAGKEQK NERLGY BG

LGF OLEHQS.

PLOW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 526

When they come downstairs from their ivory towers, idealists are apt to walk straight into the gutter.

—LOGAN P. SMITH.

The City

Continued from page 19

coiner of the term "conspicuous consumption," their aim is to express their individuality in designing buildings for individual Americans. Since these architects are as flexible as the Veblenites are disciplined, they may be described as "Jacobites"—after all, William James was the most flexible of our philosophers, the teacher who argued that theories were only instruments, "not answers to enigmas, in which we can rest."

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, of course, is the leader of the Jacobites. In this show he is happily represented by the Morris Gift Shop in San Francisco, the Research Tower of the Johnson Wax Company at Racine, and two of his recent houses. Another Jacobite who has not been overlooked is Harwell Hamilton Harris, whose house for Ralph Johnson in Los Angeles betrays a singular sensitivity in the use of redwood.

But, by and large, "Built in U.S.A." is a Veblenite exhibit, and you would never imagine from the catalogue that California is a truly remarkable center of Jacobite activity. While such Jacobites as John Ekin Dinwiddie and William Wilson Wurster, both of whom have done most of their work in and about San Francisco, have been omitted, the Veblenite Ludwig Miës van der Rohe rates six pages of illustrations. Especially emphasized are his new apartment houses on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive and the weekend retreat at Plano, Illinois, of Dr. Edith Farnsworth. In the latter he makes use of expensive materials, but with the coolness of an artist conscious that he is sinning against a code. You might expect this, for Miës decided long ago that in our century "the decisive achievements in all fields are impersonal, and their authors are for the most part unknown. They are part of the trend of our time toward anonymity."

As you may have guessed, this reviewer is sold on the Jacobite school. If you, too, are a Jacobite, you'll be delighted to read in Arthur Drexler's sketch of postwar developments that the dormitories at the Harvard Graduate School designed by the Veblenite Walter Gropius and the Architects' Collaborative "fail of being especially warm or intimate or humanized, no matter how studiously the buildings are situated at picturesque angles."

What more could a Jacobite ask for than criticism like that? Maybe we'll have the Veblenites on the run before we know it!

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Away-from-It-All

Continued from page 10

you of your own wretched problems and your own wretched neuroses." Epic novels have disappeared, he continued, adding that novelists have increasingly become introspective commentators on the smaller segments of life. "Non-fiction nowadays gives the excitement that fiction once did," he said. "I think it's safe to say there is a renaissance of interest in the scientific." A second Harper's man said he'd agree with that, all right, but that he'd like to add that any out-of-the-ordinary personal experience would sell at *any* time, scientific renaissance or not. He also raised the old stand-by about Americans getting around a lot these days (450,000 of them are expected to visit Europe alone this summer), only to say that the success of Cousteau and Herzog had had nothing to do with that. Their book triumphs were the result, he maintained, of extraordinary experiences, coupled with excellent photographs and fascinating information. Before ringing down the curtain, he struck a note of alarm, to the effect that the Cousteau-Herzog wave has left a sympathetic audience throughout the country, exactly the condition of ripeness for the palming off of second-rate adventures. "The market *can* be flooded," he declared.

At Rand McNally and at Oxford the-appeal-of-the-sea turned out to be the basis of their explanation for adventure's success. "Stories about the sea have always exercised a special and powerful fascination on the minds of readers," they said, "from the days of Virgil and Homer down through the readers of Melville and Conrad." One editor said maybe it had to do with the fact that the summers were getting awful hot these days.

Throughout all these off-the-cuff seminars, the theme of overriding truth in adventure was emphasized. Courage, suspense, excitement--they may all be found in the novel, too, but at best they are the novelist's concoctions. The novel is a creation which when pitted against the actual may lose appeal. The Herzog account, for example, clings as desperately to truth as Herzog himself did to the glassy slopes of Annapurna, and the combination of reality and courage is just about unbeatable.

SOME additional opinions were advanced by a psychiatrist—"The feelings of frustrations are pretty high these days—and explorers do make excellent pseudo-idols"; by a travel editor—"Europe is almost routine nowadays, but Cousteau and Herzog aren't"; by the Explorer's Club in New York—"The explorer has something to tell"; and by an explorer himself—"Hollywood, by producing movies like 'King Solomon's Mines,' is certainly one factor in stirring up interest in adventure."

Possibly the most heartening fact is that adventure is not running out; to quote a pro at the Explorer's Club, "We've only begun." Of all the pieces of evidence around these days, Exhibit A might be Yves Bertranet, a thirty-three-year-old French engineer who dropped into Dutton's the other day to talk about his forthcoming journey—a little trip across the Atlantic in a fifteen-foot double Polynesian pirogue. A pirogue, as you know, is a pair of covered canoes, lashed together by a center plank. The Dutton people listened attentively as Bertranet outlined his daring project to cross the ocean alone, then gave him an advance and wished him "*Bonne chance.*"

Hawk Flight at Walden

By Althea Bass

ON SUCH a day as this, it must have been,
Thoreau walked at the edge of Walden Pond and smelled
The wet earth warming in the sun, the leaf-buds bursting,
Heard the striped squirrel chirp, the wild goose honk commands,
The veery trill the word of its return. On such a day
He must have watched that tenant of the air the hawk,
Sporting with proud reliance on its satin wings,
Mount and tumble and fall and mount again
As if it had been hatched out of some nest,
Fashioned of rainbow trimmings lined with haze,
Pitched in the angle of a cloud, a bird not meant for earth
But for the wide pure curve and movement of celestial play
Whereby the witness who has mind to learn and eyes to see,
On such a day, looks up and knows himself forever free.

ILA Directive

Continued from page 21

being unafraid of mistakes made in the open.

With the best faith in the world, with the greatest diligence in the world, and with the finest staff in the world, it will be impossible to avoid some mistakes in the selection of books.

But we should do everything possible to maintain a constructive and affirmative atmosphere for the library program as a whole.

I believe that this, essentially, is what the Congress and the American people want. They are interested in the general approach and the general soundness of a project. They want to know that they are getting their money's worth.

I think they are.

Concerning the selection of books, this agency believes emphatically that it is not the obligation of the American Government to make available in special-purpose libraries any books that advocate directly or indirectly the destruction of our freedoms and our institutions. These libraries are in business to advance American democracy. Not Communist conspiracy.

But the determination as to which books are to be placed in this subversive category calls for the most careful and skilful judgment.

In eliminating books, we should be sure of our ground. We should not make the mistake of excluding as Communist or Communistic all those books which contain any criticism of American policies or institutions, even though those books may criticize the same things that Communists also criticize. We don't want to create the impression that any American writer who honestly criticizes the policies of his Government is deprived of a place on our bookshelves abroad.

Basically, the yardstick for selection is the usefulness of a particular book in meeting the particularized needs of a particular area.

An appraisal of this usefulness cannot disregard the reputation or standing of the author.

It is conceivable that the special purpose character of our libraries may require, in special cases, the inclusion of books by Communists or Communist sympathizers if such authors may have written something which affirmatively serves the ends of democracy. There is no objection to the inclusion of such books so long as the purpose is clear.

"Controversial" books are of course acceptable and indeed essential, if by

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ences of opinion honestly expressed. It goes without saying that we must not confuse honest controversy with conspiracy.

Nothing could be more basic in our book program abroad than the need to make this distinction between controversy and conspiracy. Controversy is as American as the varied sounds in the bleachers in a ball park. The best thing our libraries abroad can do is to make known the fact that our people, politically speaking, are full of beans.

America loves controversy and indeed thrives on it. There is no reason why we need conceal this from the world. It is one of our richest assets. Let totalitarian nations advertise the fact that their people are deprived of political dissent. For our part, we can speak up and out. In a phrase, then: controversy, yes; conspiracy, no.

But the general problem of book selection is not one which any Government agency is well qualified to do by itself. Books cover everything under the sun. A book is not merely a collection of words in a bound volume. A book is as varied as history itself, as wide-ranging as the human mind which brings it to birth.

Because of this, I suggest that the responsibility for recommending the selection of books be entrusted to carefully selected advisory committees composed of persons of unimpeachable reputation who are experts in their respective fields. The staff of I. I. A. would then select books for shipment overseas on the basis of the recommended list.

Each book is to be considered on its merits. The emphasis should be not on negative criteria but on positive criteria. The only list that should be drawn up is the recommended list.

Next, about book burnings. Under no circumstances should any book be burned, and I wish to emphasize the word "any." The burning of a book is a wicked symbolic act. There is no place for book burnings in an American library, let alone a library operated by our Government. We don't deal with ideas we dislike by imitating the totalitarian techniques we despise. The burning of a book is not an act against that book alone; it is an act against free institutions.

I have every reason to believe that the continuing book and library program will be exercised with the fullest sense of public responsibility and with the vital interests of the American people constantly in mind. As I said at the outset, the purpose of this agency is to protect the good name of the American people, and to maintain for them the good will they deserve. —ROBERT L. JOHNSON, Director, International Information Administration.

Just Published

Many of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

THOMAS BEWICK. By Montague Weekley. New York: Oxford University Press. $5. A new biography, using fresh sources, of Thomas Bewick (1753-1828), who was one of England's finest wood-engravers and naturalists.

THE BLACK CITY. By M. F. Caulfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. The Black City is Ulster, and the action there in this novel involves a young Catholic who kills and is killed while fighting for a united Irish Republic.

THE BONANZA TRAIL. By Muriel Sibell Wolle. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $8.50. An account, with on-the-spot drawings by the author, of the many mining towns in the West, which are now partially or wholly deserted, except for bleached bones, scattered gold dust, and lonesome winds.

THE CHAIN IN THE HEART. By Hubert Creekmore. New York: Random House. $3.75. Three generations of the trials and tribulations fought through by a Negro family in the South, struggling toward equality and independence.

CHURCH, STATE AND FREEDOM. By Leo Pfeffer. Boston: The Beacon Press. $10. A full-scale study of the complicated relationships of church and state in this country, and of such matters as the banning of the moving picture "The Miracle," Federal aid to parochial schools, and the sending of an American Ambassador to the Vatican.

CIANO'S HIDDEN DIARY: 1937-1938. By Count Galeazzo Ciano. Translated by Andreas Mayor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. This section of Ciano's diaries, thought to have been lost, completes the previously published parts, and covers the crucial years just before the last War. There are many closeups of Il Duce and Hitler in action.

THE FOOLISH IMMORTALS. By Paul Gallico. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. The tale of a heel—a Hollywood newspaperman—who inveigles a wealthy old woman scared o' dyin' into traveling to Israel, where there is a supposed Tree of Life bearing the fruit of immortality. They find it, but by that time everyone—the old woman, the newspaperman, and a secretary along for the ride—has had a change of soul.

FRENCH POLITICS: The First Years of the Fourth Republic. By Dorothy Pickles. New York: Royal Institute of International Affairs. $5. A precis of what may well be the most complicated political set-up in the universe, with special attention paid the myriad parties, the old republics, and the new constitution.

INDIA AND THE AWAKENING EAST. By Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. The account, as told by the First Lady of the World, of her recent travels through the Near East, Pakistan, and India, and of what she saw there in terms of her various U.N. programs, the Point Four program, the Children's Emergency Fund, and the World Health Organization.

LITTLE WILLIE. By Dorothy Rickard. Illustrations by Robert Day. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2. Forty-four new verses about Little Willie, who is probably the most disenchanting child who ever lived.

THE PARTY SYSTEM IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Ivor Bulmer-Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. A full-scale study of the British political party system from the reign of Charles II down to the present.

PENELOPE. By Ann Bullingham. New York: St. Martin's Press. $2.50. A novel which fights again the Battle of the Books. This time, however, it is the modern vs. the classical methods of education in a rural English school, as seen through the eyes of one of its luckless students, Penelope Parker.

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3. Bertrand Russell, the formidable philosopher-mathematician who is afraid of nothing, wrote these stories—his first—when he was eighty years old, and they deal in general with the macabre in the English suburbs, Corsica, and of a threatened invasion from Mars.

SPAIN IN THE MODERN WORLD. By James Cleugh. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.75. An analysis, by an experienced writer on that country, of Spain and of its peculiar position in the present community of Western nations.

SPRING'S GREEN SHADOW. By Cecily Mackworth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A first novel by a Welsh literary journalist, concerning the upbringing of Lura Gethryn, a Welsh girl, by a dominating mother, and her final breaking away through love and the stimulations of the Continent.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ALGER HISS. By The Earl Jowitt. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Here is a legal reappraisal of the Hiss case—which was to be published some months ago but was held up by serious factual errors found in the manuscript—writen by the former Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

TORMENT. By Perez Galdos. Translated by J. M. Cohen. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A new translation of a novel by Spain's foremost nineteenth-century novelist. It is set in Madrid at mid-century.

TRAVELS IN JEWRY. By Israel Cohen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. An account of the author's visits to thirty Jewish communities in twelve European countries, on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. A History. By Henry Bamford Parkes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50. A new one-volume history by a professor of history at New York University.

WESTWARD THE SUN. By Geoffrey Cotterell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A first-person narrative by one Linda Ferrers, an English girl, who meets an American soldier during the rocket blitz of London, and ends up by coming West to marry him, but not before she does some harmless frolicating with some Yanks she meets in New York.

W. B. YEATS: LETTERS TO KATHARINE TYNAN. Edited by Roger McHugh. New York: McMullen Books. $4.50. Edited by a Lecturer in English at University College, Dublin, these letters were written by Yeats from 1887-92 from London, and shed valuable light on the poet's formative years.

Note—We regret that the review of "Patrol" by Fred Majdalany in the issue of June 13 did not clearly indicate the publishers of the two editions. The cloth-bound edition, selling at $1.50, is published by Houghton Mifflin, while the paperbound edition, selling at 35¢, is published by Ballantine Books.

—W.B.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

winning. He demands appreciation of his family, reads the paper to find something to contradict, sings to himself "Fight the good fight with all thy might," and forms a local Defend Britain Club. He is so impervious to his own failings that it is hard to believe in the insomnia that overtakes him at the end of this uneasy summer. V. S. Pritchett has a short story, "The Sabbath," which shows a father like this—portrays him with an energy that reaches out and takes hold of a reader. But Mr. Nicholas is less compelling. You can take him or you can leave him.

The method of this novel is the close-focus narrative that Henry Green has used with varying effect. "He pushed back the bedclothes quickly before he had time to think of reasons against, and was still surprised he had done it when he had put on trousers and a sweater. . . . He moved one foot in front of the other, watching the shadow of his slipper on the daisies." This painstakingly awareness of consciousness elaborates the trivial and casual, and at the same time it masks the subtle, half-hidden motivations that are at work in these people. Henry Green has hailed Thomas Hinde as a "white hope." But a reader who wants more from fiction than a very discernment of personal and social paralysis will wait for Mr. Hinde's next novel.

Notes

FROM FARMLANDS TO SUBURBIA: Several of the short stories in William Humphrey's **"The Last Husband and Other Stories"** (Morrow, $3) have appeared in national magazines including *The Sewanee Review* and *The New Yorker;* this, however, is Mr. Humphrey's first book. His debut, if not spectacular, is highly promising. Mr. Humphrey's work is intelligent, disciplined, and talented, displaying admirable sincerity and variety.

Mr. Humphrey depicts a wide range of characters and character types from small idealistic boys to vicious aging women; his settings, similarly, include the farmlands of Texas and the suburbia of New York. He tends to be more successful with his adolescents than with his adults, more convincing when writing of rural than of urban life. I liked best his stories concerning [illegible] of boys or youths in the alien territory of the adult world. I was particularly impressed with "The Shell," a moving and convincing story of a boy trying to emulate the hunting exploits of his dead father; with "Quail for Mr. Forester" (which I think the best story in the collection), a wonderful tale of a ruined aristocrat in a small Southern town, seen through the eyes of a boy who thinks that Mr. Forester "lowered himself for the sake of his appetite to have dinner at our house"; and with "Report Cards," narrated by an intelligent lad who is only vaguely aware that his relation to his own family is not unlike that of some retarded poor whites to the rest of his class at school. These are memorable characters, sympathetically and compassionately realized in their vague, inchoate efforts to adjust themselves to the standards of the adult world they are about to enter, a world whose values they apprehend but which they cannot at the time either accept or reject.

Throughout his work Mr. Humphrey makes effective use of the detail or symbol which either illuminates a scene or serves to center a story: the customer who averts

THE MIND OF LIBERAL RELIGION TODAY . . . .

Three new books on vital religion . . . . from three points of view

Education:

TODAY'S CHILDREN & YESTERDAY'S HERITAGE

BY SOPHIA L. FAHS — Beacon Press $3.00

Says S. Harlow, Professor of Religion and Social Ethics, Smith College, in The Journal of Religious Thought:

"This reviewer has read many books seeking to help religious educators but without reservation I can state that this book by Mrs. Fahs is the most stimulating, creative, and inspiring that has come to my desk. . . . I would commend it to all who are concerned with the religious education of our children."

Says Milton J. E. Senn, Director, Yale University Child Study Center:

"I consider this a fresh and wholesome approach to a consideration of religious education for children. Persons concerned with religious education will find this a thought-provoking and informative book, and one which will help them in exploring new areas and new ways in church school education. . . ."

Philosophy:

BEYOND MYTHOLOGY

BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON — Beacon Press $3.00

Says the Philosophical Review:

"Professor Boynton undertakes to give intelligent laymen a comprehensive account of religion in general and of Christianity in particular from the standpoint of a frankly naturalistic philosophy. . . ."

Says the Journal of Philosophy and Phenomenological Research:

"The strength of Mr. Boynton's book lies in its concreteness. He is well acquainted with the results of historical research and offers very plausible summaries of the trend in comparative religions and in Biblical analysis. . . . 'Beyond Mythology' is a courageous book. It is a challenge to dogmatism in religion."

Sociology:

CULT AND CULTURE

BY V. OGDEN VOGT — Macmillan $3.25

Says The Annals of the American Academy:

"Seldom has this reviewer read a book that contained so many penetrating insights."

Says the Saturday Review:

"Reading this book is a broadening experience."

Says The Washington Post:

"This book is of fundamental importance to all concerned with the reorganization of community life."

Says Religion and Life:

"The last third of the book is an effort at a constructive rebuilding of American life. Here is a man who deserves a wide audience, for he has not only written richly on these matters, but he has been working impressively at the practice of them for over thirty years."

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ner eyes in deference to his past greatness as Mr. Forester wraps her package, the shotgun shell which holds the boy rooted to the past, the outhouse which the rejected artist paints Chinese red, the bell which the outcast farmer carries as emblem of his servitude.

These are the stories of a very good young writer.

—William Peden.

TORTURED SOUTH AFRICAN: In 1951 Laurens Van Der Post, a South African, wrote one of the finest travel books of many years, "Venture to the Interior," a sensitive, restrained, and beautifully written tale of men wandering both through Africa's hinterland and their own dreams. Here is a writer, you would say, who will trek far in literature, a novelist, perhaps. **"The Face Beside the Fire"** (Morrow, $3.50) is his second novel, and still not a very good one, a book, I would guess, which was written prior to his prize-winning "Venture," a homeless script he loved as faithful authors do which is now published on the strength of its junior's success in the marketplace.

It tells of David Michaeljohn, who pathologically loved his mother to such an extent that he stole her golden sovereign which was to him her heart, and was so beaten by his father that his life was warped cruelly inwards, and bent sideways towards a neighboring family that loved him. He ran away from them all to paint in London and marry a woman coldly, a mother image. His art diminished, his drinking increased, until he became compelled to return to South Africa, visit his true mother briefly, and then rush back to the image which was his wife.

This is all a touching portrayal of a confused young artist whose soul, "a wayside mongrel," was haunted by "lightning in the day," but it isn't cleared into direct narrative until David sails to London with the wise gentle girl who was to save him. "Do we not know," he writes, "that the tragedy of the individual is not so much not being loved as being unable to love. . . ?"

If existentialism is a philosophy, which I doubt, this book is of it, in that each man, the author implies, is responsible for his cosmos, and his every slightest gesture of caress or cruelty affects the lives of everyone. David wagged the world, and its reflex wagged him.

Laurens Van Der Post writes brilliantly of the torture in all our hearts, with cadence and memorable images, but in this book, unlike the last, he has packed metaphor and simile so thick that you can't see the wood for the trees. It is overwritten, lush, derivative probably from Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" and Morgan's "Sparkenbroke," but with elements of psychological perception in it which are very rare.

—Hassoldt Davis.

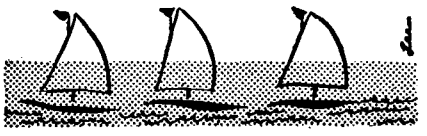
CELLINI FOR MODERN READERS: Carl J. Spinatelli's **"The Florentine"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) a novel of the life of Benvenuto Cellini, the magnificently endowed and wildly untameable metal worker and sculptor of the Italian Renaissance, was written for him and for his publishers by no less a man than Cellini himself. With a modicum of the effort that Scribner's famous editor, Maxwell Perkins, applied to cutting down Thomas Wolfe's ever-expanding manuscripts to the dimension of the average reader of the 1930's, Mr. Spinatelli has modernized, condensed, and put into neon lights one of the most celebrated autobiographical memoirs of the last four centuries, using J. A. Symonds's fine translation of 1887 which has been read over the years by millions throughout the English-speaking world.

I had not read Symonds's translation of the Life for many years, but certain memorable phrases echoed in my mind as I read Spinatelli's book, taken straight from Cellini's words. Mr. Spinatelli could not have avoided them since his source of information was a book of some 850,000 words, which the Encyclopedia Britannica describes as "a production of the utmost energy, directness, and racy animation, setting forth one of the most singular careers in the annals of fine art."

What a life it was, whether written by Cellini or Spinatelli! Here, as everyone knows who has read Cellini, is the very spirit and heart of the Italian Renaissance and one of the most illuminating accounts ever written of what it means to be in heart and soul an artist and at the same time a virile man in a very lively world.

Mr. Spinatelli has told in his own way one of the greatest stories of all time. If you have not read the master himself, here at least is a modern version of it which may explain what has happened of late to our literature, with the result that the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" could be adequately described today by Mr. Spinatelli as a "lusty ribald, and somewhat bawdy tale."

—Harrison Smith.



New Critics

Continued from page 8

esting case histories, watched them for a year, and then resigned his position without being changed by the experience. I was getting ready to discuss some ways in which the book could be rearranged so as to give it emotional sequence when the author forestalled me.

"I know what you're going to say about my novel," he told me. "Professor Z----- explained what was wrong with it and I had to admit that he was right. I haven't laid enough emphasis on the symbols of the wall and the door."

WHEN symbols are arranged in logical order they compose an allegory, something about which critics are still in doubt. Ten years ago the device was almost universally condemned, but then Hawthorne's "blasted allegories," as he called them in his later life, came back into fashion and it was discovered that similar allegories were concealed in Kafka and even in Faulkner. That restored the word to respectability, but still, like a churchgoing madam, it retains traces of a disreputable past. Today one can't be certain whether a critic means to praise or disparage a novel when he describes it as allegorical.

There is no such uncertainty about the word "myth." To say of a novel that it "has mythical qualities" or "embodies a myth" is always an honorific phrase. New myths are continually being discovered in the American classics. One critic made a reputation by proving that "The Confidence Man" is Melville's myth of the sinister American liberal. Another critic outdid him by proving—or perhaps that isn't the word—that "Moby Dick" and "Huckleberry Finn" are myths of combined homosexuality and miscegenation, "splendidly counterpoised in their oceanic complexity and fluminal simplicity." (What the critic means is not "their" complexity and simplicity, but the oceanic complexity of one and the fluvial—not fluminal—simplicity of the other. And they are splendidly counterpoised by whom—by Melville? By Mark Twain? No, by the critic who soars, ungrammatical and triumphant, above the ruins of our two greatest novels.)

The new novelists would like to oblige the critics by creating other American myths, but two difficulties have been holding them back. The first is that the word has several contradictory meanings and that nobody has defined it to anyone's satisfaction except his own. The second difficulty

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's that myths, however defined, have always been the expression of widely shared feelings: they are stories that embody the common hopes and fears of a tribe, a class, or a nation. Myths have a broad archetypical quality, whereas the favorite subjects of the new fictionists are narrow and exceptional.

It is hard to create an archetype of modern life by recounting the private experiences of a few isolated individuals in some untypical setting --for example, a Back Bay mansion transformed into a brothel (as in Howard Nemerov's "The Melodramatists"), or an old plantation house five miles from a telephone (as in dozens of Deep Southern novels), or what Frederick Buechner describes as "a small colony of summer friends." The most any novelist can do in this direction is to choose some ancient myth and echo it faintly in contemporary terms, thus giving his characters a sort of retrospective magnitude. But he runs the risk of emphasizing their smallness instead--as happened in Buechner's "A Long Day's Dying," where the legend of Philomela and Procne was presented in modern dress, on the scale of one inch to the foot, as if the ancient story of lust and revenge were being re-enacted in a doll's house. Meanwhile there is a lack of contemporary myths like those which Melville, Mark Twain, Henry James, and Dreiser all created in their times; nobody seems able to create a life-size hero.

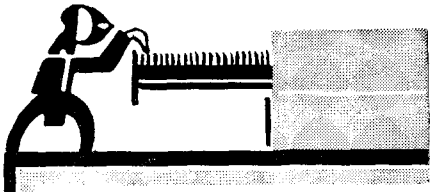
One myth that does play a part in the new fiction is the Freudian myth of the modern Oedipus lingering in a state of delayed adolescence. He is a sensitive young man who loves and despises his mother, rebels against his father, and finally—unless the novel has a pathetic ending—achieves the emotional maturity that is the Freudian equivalent of a state of Christian grace. The Oedipus myth is convenient for the new fictionists because it

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
HEAR NOT MY STEPS *Lloyd S. Thompson* (Abelard: $2.50)	Body in septic tank interests local law, press, and vacationing SF cop.	Has structural faults, atrocious dialect; pace spotty.	Earnest and honest, but gets out of hand
LET THE NIGHT CRY *Charlie Wells* (Abelard: $2.50)	Bill Fox, fresh from jail on bum rap, seeks revenge in New Orleans.	Much gunpowder and action; slightly incredible, but moves swiftly.	Wild and woozy
THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random: $2.50)	Wife in jam as oil tycoon is reported slain; much NY-SF air-commuting.	Solution not unguessable, but author's 30th is usual pro job.	Well paced, smoothly told
THE PENNYCROSS MURDERS *Maurice Procter* (Harper: $2.50)	Two child killings terrify Yorkshire village; Hunter of Yard does neat job.	Clues pop up bit too neatly, but yarn is well-handled, tense.	Sensitive and intelligent
THE VENUS DEATH *Ben Benson* (Morrow: $2.50)	Mass. state trooper gets into gal tangle; several cadavers ensue.	Cops outnumber crooks, but everybody, good and bad, is on the jump.	ABC-ish, but moves along
IF TWO OF THEM ARE DEAD *Mason Gregory* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Skiing instructor perishes in big race; Rocky Mtn. winter party baffled.	Snowy setting has possibilities, but yarn is conventional, over-chatty.	No dice
MARKET FOR MURDER *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Midwest grocer plugged; other deaths ensue; Lt. Fairman has his worries.	Characters uniformly unpleasant; jealousy and high-jinks abound.	Tricky and unnovel
THE CAT WALK *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Miss Rachel Murdock, aging and amiable L.A. snooper, solves estate tangle, violent deaths.	Author's 19th capably managed, as per custom; humor content high.	Leisurely but highly agreeable
A BLAZE OF ROSES *Elleston Trevor* (Harper: $2.75)	Soft-headed Briton sets factory afire, then beats it.	Chase moderately effective, but why did the guy run?	A bit too fancy

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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requires such a small cast of characters and because it is independent of the social background. One person, the possessive mother, takes the place of the whole philistine world by which sensitive young men used to be oppressed in the art novels of the 1920's.

INCIDENTALLY, this myth appears not only in the new fiction as I have been trying to describe it but also in a great many of the old-fictional or naturalistic novels published since World War II. Its presence reveals a change in the leading ideas of naturalistic writers. In one sense their novels still follow the pattern established by Norris and Dreiser—that is, their heroes are still victims, betrayed by circumstances into criminal follies that lead to disasters—but now the crimes and disasters are explained in a new fashion. They used to be the result either of the heroes' bad heredity ("McTeague") or more often of their bad environment ("An American Tragedy," "Native Son"). In recent years heredity has played no part in naturalistic novels and social environment is becoming less important. The hero isn't ruined by poverty or wealth or racial prejudice; he is ruined because his mother weaned him too soon, or didn't give him enough affection, or because he hated his father as an image of authority (see the recent "Prince Bart," by Jay Richard Kennedy).

All this is part of a general movement encouraged by the critics, from sociology to psychology, from political to moral problems, in a word, from the public to the private. Russian fiction is also under critical domination, although the critics are not professors but Party hacks supported by the police. It has been moving in the opposite direction from ours, until in recent Russian novels every decision is political and private life is so unimportant that the characters cease to be persons. I can see little hope for Russian novelists so long as the present situation continues. For American novelists, whether new-style or naturalistic, there is a great deal of hope, but only if they try to deal with a broader segment of experience—their own experience—and only if they adventure for themselves instead of following critical slogans. Meanwhile, at the risk of having them followed, I am suggesting three slogans for the next period in American writing:

IF IT ISN'T REAL IT ISN'T A SYMBOL.

IF IT ISN'T A STORY IT ISN'T A MYTH.

IF A CHARACTER DOESN'T LIVE HE CAN'T BE AN ARCHETYPE OF MODERN LIFE.

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selle who spent a year and a half studying the role of Norma by herself before she rehearsed it with anyone. Here is a tireless, never-satisfied director who knows the secrets of vocal production, the way to turn a phrase to melt the listener's heart. Here is an artist who can stage a difficult scene so that it looks credible while allowing the singers to see the conductor at crucial moments and so that it can be sung with a minimum of effort and yet always conform to the proper mood of the piece.

To hear and watch Ponselle work through one of the final rehearsals of "Bohème" was to see and understand that opera in a new light. For some of today's young singers lack any real acquaintance with the great traditions of singing as well as any natural instinct for the kind of romantic illusion necessary and possible in this fragrant score. Though Mimi was not a Ponselle role, one might suppose that, having been around the Met during memorable evenings of "Bohème" with Caruso, Gigli, Muzio, and Bori, Ponselle might feel that she knew the opera well enough to pass it on to others. Far from it. Enticing Tullio Serafin down to Villa Pace for a rest from his City Center labors, Ponselle plumped the score in front of the great conductor and said, "Now, *caro Maestro,* will you begin at the beginning and go through the whole opera with me?" And Serafin, who shortly before, while hearing Ponselle sing, exclaimed that he had heard no such sound in eighteen years, did just that.

When Ponselle works with young singers who so often have fine voices and little real knowledge of what to do with them, and who have no idea of how to act during a given five measures, she stops at no effort to show them the kind of tone implicit in the music, the kind of walk Musetta needs during the second act waltz (this is advice current Musettas could use), and a dozen more concrete suggestions. A wooden tenor who fails to realize how to spin out the last note of "Che gelida manina" hears from Ponselle a decrescendo of such marvelous control that only a wooden tenor could follow it with unfeeling phrasing. But Ponselle, who is capable of telling tenors with excellent voices, "You are never going to be anything more than you are right now, a third-rate tenor with a small opera company, because you think your voice is so wonderful and you won't work," this same Ponselle is also capable of infinite patience until she gets what she, and Puccini, wants. The opening measures of the fourth act duet, "Sono andati," run about sixty seconds. Yet Ponselle worked with a truly gifted soprano and the tenor for fifty minutes before they arrived at the proper timing of Mimi's rising as she enters a tubercular spasm, just at the peak of the phrase. And so it went. Nothing is overlooked in these rehearsals. Mispronunciation of Italian finds the Ponselle hand out for a dime from the offender. Failure to enunciate clearly, be the pronunciation good or bad, costs the offender twenty-five cents.

THE results, by curtain time, can be seen and felt in the sense of professional standards maintained throughout an entire cast. Conductor Leigh Martinet, who has worked out all singer-conductor problems during rehearsals and has prepared the orchestra and chorus, delivers a performance of remarkably high quality.

In mid-April the company presented Massenet's "Manon," the first in Baltimore since 1929. During an intermission the audience was told what many had known, that the coaching of the solo singers was the work of Baltimore's famed Ponselle. In that "Manon," again an opera Ponselle never sang, one could see the art of Ponselle expressed in new ways. Young singers were infusing into Massenet's music the kind of vitality it must have to hold an audience. But they were playing it with style as well as vitality. Manon's "Adieu" to her little table was a moving moment from a singer who had fairly recently learned how much could be gained by underplaying, by the right timing of a critical note.

Today, together with the work with the opera company, Ponselle has taken on the vocal training or final polishing of a limited number of the singers that have come to her. They have come feeling that here is a source of information not available anywhere else. And they are apt to meet some illustrious musicians. Villa Pace is visited by a Martinelli one week, Pinza another.

In such an atmosphere young artists can flourish. They can hardly help acquiring some sense of what kind of life went into the making of great singers in the past. And when they hear the radiant power of the Rosa Ponselle of 1953 soaring through a phrase to illustrate a point, or on a lucky day hear the soprano singing for a half hour or so some new songs or operatic excerpts on which she has long been at work — for Ponselle is often busy learning new music for her own satisfaction—they are much closer to a conception of what goes into the life of a real artist.

No, Rosa Ponselle is not likely to take up a public singing career again, in concert or in opera. And it is doubtful, though not impossible, that she will make a new series of recordings. One of the largest record companies would install recording equipment in Villa Pace if Ponselle felt that she wanted to add to what her admirers consider an all too small library of records. But the years ahead may well be brighter for opera lovers because of the rise of some young singer who found the key to real achievement in the inspiration of an artist who will not sing publicly because she sets standards for herself that she is not willing to meet, but who sings today more beautifully than many of the world's leading singers, and sings because she must.

Ponselle [with Phyllis Frankel] at a dress rehearsal of "La Traviata" in Baltimore.

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Opera in Hamburg

By Paul Jaretzki

THE phrase "ensemble opera" has come to be interpreted in a variety of ways. At the Metropolitan and La Scala, for instance, it is stars in "ensemble." Vienna, too, has its stars, but more often than not they are attracted by more lucrative engagements in foreign lands, so that the Vienna ensemble must depend to a large degree on second-rate replacements. Other cities, such as Munich, strike something of a happy medium. One company, however, that of Hamburg, envisions "ensemble opera" in the most literal sense of the word, which means few stars, few guest appearances, and short-term leaves for its member singers.

One night during an Allied air raid in 1943 the opera's auditorium suffered a direct hit. Fortunately, the iron curtain which separated the auditorium from the stage had been lowered, so that the fire did not spread to the stage area. At the end of the war, the management was thus able to build an "ersatz" theatre, utilizing the old stage as an auditorium, while the meager backstage area (forty-three feet wide and only twenty-eight feet deep) became the stage itself.

These, then, were the challenging conditions which greeted Günther Rennert when in 1946 he became general intendant of the company. Rennert, formerly a motion-picture and theatre director, and also with vast operatic experience, believed that the postwar survival of opera in Hamburg depended solely on the emergence of a true ensemble troupe.

While visiting Hamburg for nine consecutive performances in the same number of days, two curious and admittedly rare phenomena became evident: there was but one out-and-out bad performance; and although few of the company's singers rank among Europe's best, everyone made at least an agreeable impression and several considerably more than that.

The orchestra does not compare with those of Vienna or Munich, but under a good conductor it plays very well. The chorus sings accurately, and, of almost equal importance, with enthusiasm. The ballet is not first-rate, but the inventive choreography of Helga Swedlund contributes much to the enjoyment of the performances. Scenic designer Alfred Siercke has worked wonders in the confines of the small stage. He creates the feeling of spaciousness through his beautifully conceived backdrops and through the use of what might best be described as a third dimension, that is by constructing balconies, two-story houses, and other elevations to allow variety in working out the stage action.

The one bad production is "Don Giovanni." Willy Czernik's conducting was funereal, Rennert's staging far-fetched. The only pleasure of the evening was the expert vocalism of James Pease in the title role, Elfriede Wasserthal as Donna Elvira, and Clara Ebers as Donna Anna. On the other hand, Rennert's "Der Barbier von Sevilla," although five years old, looks (and sounds) as bright and shiny as if it had been newly mounted but a few weeks before. Verdi's "Otello," the only "big" work performed during my stay, came off extremely well. Rennert's staging made good sense, and under the baton of Wilhelm Schleuning the performance had musical conviction and beauty. The Otello in this performance was Wilhelm Ernest, from Frankfurt. He shows great promise as a heldentenor, though as yet he does not exercise full control over his large voice.

And then there is the utterly captivating new production of Wolf-Ferrari's "Der Campiello." This nonsensical farce concerns itself with a day in the lives of four families who inhabit a Venetian campiello—that is, a little piazza which is a world by itself. There are love, jealousy, family feuds, and finally a free-for-all street brawl, climaxed by an uproarious fight between two elderly mothers enacted, according to the composer's specifications, by two tenors. Adding to the fun, stage director

Wolf-Ferrari's "Der Campiello" as staged at the Hamburg Staatsoper—"love, jealousy, family feuds."

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Werner Wiekenberg has advanced the time of the action from 1750 to the present, so that the principals appear in modern dress. Thus the Count here becomes a typical tourist attired in sport clothes and sun glasses, with a leather camera case slung over his shoulder.

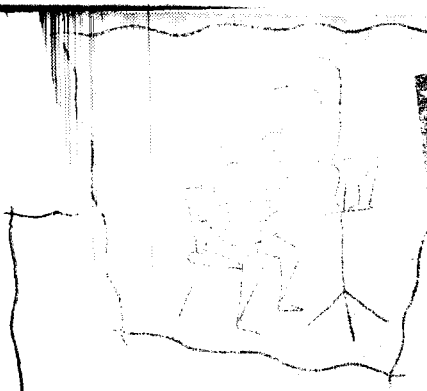
Much of the singing in Hamburg is on a very high plane. Elfriede Wasserthal's warm, luxuriant soprano voice proved outstanding: she is a singer to watch. Maria v. Ilosvay in the title role of "Orpheus" sang with ample tones and a fine sense of the classical style. Young Christine Gönner is a lovable soubrette, and Valerie Bak is well suited to such lyric roles as Nedda and Gilda. Among the men Fritz Lehnert, versatile in his many assignments, displayed in particular an attractive German "tenorino" voice as Almaviva in "Der Barbier." Josef Metternich is a well-routined baritone. (Four of Hamburg's most prominent singers, Erna Schlüter, Martha Mödl, Peter Anders, and Gottlob Frick, were on leave during the time I was there.)

With an eye to the future, Dr. Rennert is ever on the lookout for new talent which can fit into the ensemble and eventually replace some of the older singers who are nearing retirement. So it is, for instance, that the N.Y. City Opera Company's leading bass-baritone, James Pease, was engaged for this past season. His tremendous successes in such roles as the "Walküre" Wotan and Orestes in "Elektra" have won him a long-term contract with the company. Another American, the Metropolitan's lyric soprano Ann Bollinger, will join the troupe this fall.

In 1955 the rebuilding of the old opera house will be completed. But Dr. Rennert, believing in the success of his ensemble system, envisions few changes in the basic operation of the company. Rennert's ensemble system is not the best suited for all companies, but there is no doubt that the citizens of Hamburg benefit by it in many fine operatic presentations.

European Reports

IRVING KOLODIN is now in Europe, where he will report on musical activity, live and recorded, beginning in the issue of August 1. His plans include the festivals at Aix-en-Provence, Bayreuth, Munich, Salzburg, and Edinburgh. What is happening in the recording studios of France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and England will also be surveyed by Mr. Kolodin.



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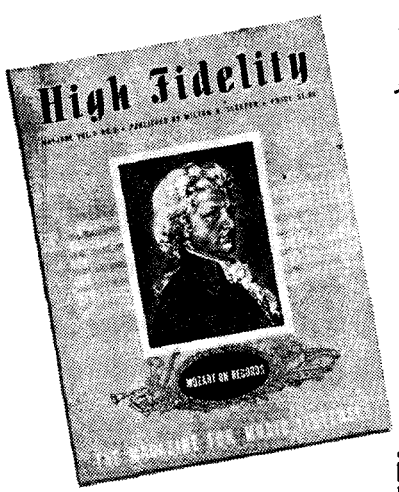

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What is it like to go into the record business? Rena Niles, wife of the well-known American folk singer John Jacob Niles, offers a dollar-by-dollar description, based on her experiences in launching the Boone-Tolliver Record Company.

By Rena Niles

THERE are many delightful ways of going broke—betting on the ponies, buying a yacht, or spending a week-end in New York. Delightful but banal. There's really nothing extraordinary about going broke while having a good time. For the person who wants something different—such as a chance to become impoverished while working tooth-and-toenail—I suggest a plunge into the record business.

It's really very simple. The big recording companies have made it so. For when they introduced the long-playing record, they were not merely invading a greener pasture for their own grazing; they were also, inadvertently perhaps, knocking down the fences and opening up that same pasture to a herd of lesser bulls following in their tracks. So long as standard-speed records were the only ones on the market, smaller companies were held in check by the technical difficulties involved and the enormous amount of equipment, and thus of cash, required. The advent of LP changed all that. Now you or I or any other sucker can get into the record business for a few hundred dollars. The venture carries this unwritten guarantee: you'll work so hard at losing your investment that you'll consider yourself lucky when the last dollar is spent.

How to begin? You begin at the beginning—that is to say, with an idea. You become convinced that the public is hankering to buy whatever it is you have to offer, and that this urge is being maliciously denied by the Big Companies, who refuse to make the product available.

The public, you are sure, has tired of Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney, and wishes to hear the cries and chants of waterfowl. Waterfowl utter very musical cries—not unlike those of Johnny Ray, but so much better. Luckily, you have a friend who has bought a tape recorder on the instalment plan, and so you contact him at once. At great peril to the machine and even greater sacro-iliac strain to its owner, you set up the recorder on the edge of the marshes, where waterfowl can be expected to utter their cries. No electric outlets are provided there, but you know how to improvise. Every car has a battery. You pay for the gas, the tape, the whiskey, and you offer a small bonus to the owner of the tape recorder. The next day he informs you that the damp air of the marshes, so salubrious to waterfowl, has damaged his machine. He also needs a new battery. You gladly come across with $75—a mere bagatelle.

You then send your tapes to one of the Big Companies, who maintain a Custom Department for such as you. You are delighted to learn that they will make records of the highest quality—pure vinylite, red labels, and all—for 57 cents each (in lots of 500), in addition to a processing charge of $70. As you expect to sell your record for $4, you are convinced you are getting a bargain.

The next step is to have a sleeve made. Long-playing records all go in sleeves, as sure as waterfowl nest in marshes. And these sleeves have to be covered with glossy paper, and they must be well designed and brightly colored, or your record won't catch the eye of the buyer in the record store. You discover that sleeves will cost you eleven cents apiece. With that $4 sale-price in mind, it seems cheap enough. Unfortunately, it covers only the bare cardboard of the sleeve—not the bright papers, front and back, which must adorn it.

YOU wisely decide that a recording of waterfowl should carry a handsome color photo of these fowl—just as the recording of "South Pacific" shows Pinza peering through the palms. Too bad you didn't think of it sooner: you might have photographed while recording. But that's water over the dam, or over the marshes, and so you remember you have another friend. This one has recently acquired a Rolleiflex camera, also on the instalment plan,

"The minute you're through recording—let me know."

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and he is happy at the opportunity of defraying the cost of the next payment. You buy the gas, the film, the whiskey, and you give your friend a small bonus, in return for which he gives you a small negative (2¼ by 2¼) which you take to your printer.

Here's where the fun begins. The printer sighs and points out that this bright, sharp negative (2¼ by 2¼) will not appear quite so bright and sharp when it is blown up to size (10½ by 10½). Not another trip to the marshes! Well, maybe not, maybe the printer's skill will make up for your inexperience. It will take a cut, of course, and several tint-blocks. But there's no escaping the bill. The printer, who does not share your enthusiasm for waterfowl, is in the printing business for a profit. A pox on him.

AT this point you discover that your sleeve is costing you more than the record. More, anyway, than the 57 cents you imagined the record was costing you. But you remind yourself that you're lucky: waterfowl, unlike Crosby and Clooney, demand no royalties, and their music is in the public domain. No dickering with agents and publishers. And that's a happy break, for by this time you are spending two hours a day at your typewriter, corresponding with the manufacturer of the records, the maker of the sleeves, the printer of the papers. But it's all worth while. Here, on your desk, is a letter saying that your records are about to be released. Now to tackle the problem of distribution!

You discover—in this business you always "discover" because no one tells you anything (does Gimbel's tell Macy's?)—you discover, then, that there is no such thing as national distribution. For the Big Companies, yes. But for the little guys, no. For them there are local distributors, each one of whom has taken a slice of the USA in which he distributes the products of such as you. This means that if you hope to have the entire nation—and nothing less will do—hear the cries of waterfowl, you must correspond with about twenty distributors located in various cities throughout the land.

In Utopia there are certainly twenty honest, competent distributors. In the USA the number is regrettably smaller. You will therefore have to deal with some that are not honest and some that are not competent and some that are neither honest nor competent. You will surely find one distributor who is both competent and honest. But you may also find that his territory covers only Keokuk and the two counties adjacent thereto.

By this time you are spending not two hours but four at your typewriter every morning, and your letters have taken on an acrimonious tone. Your stamp bill is large. So is your telephone bill. Your enthusiasm, however, is proportionately smaller, for you have discovered—again a discovery!—that this record which you thought you were selling for $4 is really bringing you $1.88.

How is that? Very simple. The public—that great public which yearns to hear the waterfowl cry—will be asked $4 for your record. But you have forgotten two very important people—the retailer and the distributor, both of whom (like dogs) want to make a profit. So it's $1.88 to you for that $4 record—$1.88 minus 2 per cent for promptness if the distributor pays his bill before the tenth of the month next, minus an additional 1 per cent for anticipation if he pays right away, minus freight charges (and records are heavy), minus a 10 per cent Government excise tax, minus a city sales tax where such is imposed, minus . . .

It's deduct and deduct all along the way. As the late great Fanny Brice said, "You wanta know where the profits go? Easy—de ducks gets 'em!" Ducks or waterfowl. It's really all one and the same. And you? What do you expect for your money?

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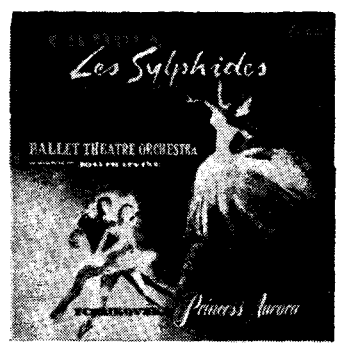

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Recordings in Review

Good Singing and Great

MUSSORGSKY: *Songs and arias. Boris Christoff, bass, with orchestras conducted by Issay Dobrowen and Wilhelm Schuechter, and piano accompaniments by Gerald Moore.* (HMV LHMV 1033, $5.95.)

BEETHOVEN: *"An die ferne Geliebte," other songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (HMV LHMV 1046, $5.95.)

WITH Christoff settled as an HMV artist since his earliest recording days and Fischer-Dieskau apparently now of that status after vacillations among several companies, it is certain that the doughty Gerald Moore will have much to keep him busy in the future, and on the level of quality to which he is accustomed. This may seem a roundabout way of appraising Christoff and Fischer-Dieskau, but Moore is a frame of reference by which any singer may be judged, and these fit, on the whole, well.

The kind of long-throated, fully resonant work Christoff does with the orchestras in arias from Rimsky's "City of Kitezh," Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina," and Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" is the natural complement for his striking "Boris"; what one finds gratifying is the equal artistry in the more concentrated challenges of Mussorgsky's "Field Marshal Death," "The Grave," and "Softly the Spirit Flew Up," all performed with a powerful sense of mood. However, it is his majestic singing of "The Song of the Flea"—another Mussorgsky song, lest it be forgotten—which marks him as a singer in a thousand. It is effective without being affected, dramatic without being theatrical, and withal musical. Certainly the most decisive performance of the song since Chaliapin's and—if the idea is not too *outré*—in some ways better. Moore's participation, of itself, is something the older man never enjoyed.

Fischer-Dieskau is something less of a fixed quantity. Just when one concludes that he is a light baritone who has no business, really, singing such heroic songs as Schubert's "Der Atlas" or "Doppelgänger," he takes hold of "Der Erlkönig" in a way rarely heard from a male singer since Kipnis. However, the distinction stands, for the moment, that Fischer-Dieskau, at twenty-eight, is a more appealing voice in "An die ferne Geliebte" and Schumann's "Mondnacht" than he is in "Die beiden Grenadiere." There is not only a lack of vocal weight in the more heroic songs, but also a striving for climax which obscures the really fine sound in mezzo voce. Always, however, he is a singer of uncommon intelligence.

More Weingartner

WAGNER: *"Rhine Journey" and "Funeral March" (Götterdämmerung"), Introduction to Act III of "Tannhäuser," Prelude to Act III of "Tristan." Felix Weingartner conducting the Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire. "Siegfried Idyl." Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic.* (Columbia ML 4680, $5.45.)

HANDEL: *Concerti Grossi in D and G minor, Opus 6, Nos. 5 and 6. Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4676, $5.45.)

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in B flat, Opus 106. Weingartner conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4675, $5.45.)

AS IT is customary enough for readers to remind a writer of the occasions when he was at fault, I take the liberty of quoting a remark written in a book of 1941 on the first of these welcome restorations: "The catalogue of Wagner recordings by Weingartner is not long, but it must be recognized that he has selected what is suitable for his feelings with unerring judgment." The references, further, to his treatment of the Prelude to Act III of "Tristan" as "compassionate, expressive, and illuminating all at once" and the recording as "excellent" for "breadth and vividness" are amply sustained by this rehearing, in combination with performances of the "Rhine Journey" and "Funeral March" which harmonize the extremes of the Wagner style with unswerving taste and judgment. The "Siegfried Idyl" is somewhat slow-moving but impressively sustained, the "Tannhäuser" oddity given a full measure of effect. All of these have been tonally restored with quite surprising values.

The Handel, I think, will be of interest largely to devotees of the conductor, for unless the sound is turned up considerably, the definition is not good, and at that level there is an inevitable amount of background noise. By contrast with the preference of such specialists as Boyd Neel for a group of strings suitable for a small hall, Weingartner uses the full string choir of the big symphony orchestra. The result is mostly enjoyable, though the "Presto" of the D major is badly blurred, and the sound on this side deteriorates rather noticeably.

As for the "Hammerklavier," it has long been the *pièce de résistance* of the Weingartner literature, and its long-delayed reappearance has by no means lessened its attraction. In fact, it grows enormously in stature by comparison with such a "contemporary" offering as Urania's of last month (Kurt Graunke, with the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra). And if the recording is lacking true fidelity, it also lacks the exaggerated highs and distorted lows of Urania's overproduced version. However, this is essentially a museum piece; a place certainly remains for a proper performance of this transcription in an appropriate recording.

V.W.'s "Pastoral"

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"A Pastoral Symphony." Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LL 721, $5.95.)

IT would be an entrancing paradox if the next generation chose to regard Ralph Vaughan Williams as a greater symphonist than Sibelius, generally considered the contemporary master of the manner. For was it not Cecil Gray, a countryman of Vaughan Williams, who pronounced Sibelius "the greatest symphonist since Beethoven," and has not Sir Thomas Beecham elected Sibelius to be his proof of interest in living composers, though Vaughan Williams continues to live and create, while Sibelius has given us little music of consequence in two decades?

One is prompted to this speculation with the appearance of this truly beautiful work (written in 1922) on records for the very first time. Mention is made in passing, in the annotation of Hubert Foss, that the "Pastoral" has "not till now been recorded for the gramophone"; an incredible statement, considering this symphony's position among the composer's works, but one borne out by a search of the relevant documents.

If this is all the general public knows of a work whose size and poetry and strong personal idiom entitle it to rank as a masterpiece, how could the stature of Vaughan Williams be truly measured? Certainly, the "London" Symphony is an imposing work as the F minor (No. 6) is a stern and uncompromising one. Add

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to these the "Sea" Symphony (practically unknown in this country) and the recent 'Antartica' and it is apparent that Vaughan Williams the symphonist has not had the full hearing to which his merits entitle him. It has always seemed to me plausible that a composer capable of masterworks, such as Mahler in his songs, was not to be judged hastily in larger efforts, and the esteem for Mahler's symphonies is certainly on the upgrade. As much could be said of Vaughan Williams, in terms of the "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis" and his symphonies.

Boult has rarely done anything as commanding as his conducting of this work, aided by orchestral playing of the first order and proper consideration on the part of the engineers. Margaret Ritchie sings the incidental but important soprano music in the last movement with excellent effect.

Semper (High) Fidelis

WALTON: *"Orb and Sceptre," etc. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 804, $5.95.)

COATES: *"Four Centuries," "The Three Elizabeths." Eric Coates conducting the New Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 753, $5.95.)

ELGAR: *"Enigma" Variations. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 740, $5.95.)

DELIUS: *"Brigg Fair," "First Cuckoo," "A Song of Summer," etc. Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 758, $5.95.)

BEFITTING a queen so widely beloved as Elizabeth II, the musical expressions prepared by London for her Coronation are marked not only by fidelity, but even more by High Fidelity—which is to say the FFRR brand of clangorous cymbals, blasting trumpets, and sweeping strings in aural suggestion of the royal purple. Some of it is even good music, but that purpose might be noted as incidental to the main product of good sound.

Of the actual Coronation music itself, it is a long time since I have heard so disappointing an occasional piece as Walton's "Orb and Sceptre." From the opening Mendelssohnian fanfare ("Athalia") to the quasi-Elgarian march tune, it misses all boats, touches no bases, evokes only surprise that the bigness of the occasion stirred nothing deeper in

Fauré said: "Every note ..."

Walton. Equally trite (if in a different way) is the "Coronation March" of Arnold Bax. We are reminded of the strength and stride of the real article in the D and G major "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches which share Side 2 with Elgar's "Imperial March." Sir Malcolm, to me, is a better interpreter for this kind of Elgar than he is for the "Enigma" kind. Here, again, are all the accent on the obvious, all the glorification of the commonplace which Toscanini has effaced by his penetration and subtlety. If this is the kind of "Enigma" the British cherish, let them have it; we'll continue our devotion to the "Italian" variety. It is certainly a splendid sound that London gives us here, also in the Coates-arranged suite from Purcell which fills out Side 2. Yes, the "Enigma" is interrupted in midcourse, after Variation XI. However, the quiet ending of Side 2 is a new kind of exacting test for any high fidelity unit—pizzicato strings, yet pianissimo.

The arranging Coates, of course, is the conductor Albert rather than the composer Eric, whose highly flavorsome idiom and command of a pleasurable melodic texture give us renewed enjoyment in a pairing of the "Four Centuries" Suite with the "Three Elizabeths." Doubtless he would have contributed something to the late ceremonial were his health better, but the snap and dash which distinguish his own direction of such works as the "London" and "London Again" Suites are strongly evident here.

For most admirers of Delius, there is but one conductor of his music, and his name is not Collins. This is not to penalize the current conductor for not being named Beecham, but simply to say, rather regretfully, that for all the musicianship and taste of these performances there remains an intangible yet essential element that escapes him. Perhaps it is merely the ability to poetize, to take the well-ordered sounds with their admirably clean articulation and make them say something that is Delius-plus-Collins, as the model we are considering gives us Delius-plus-Beecham. Within the prescribed limitations, however, this is excellent orchestral work, and truly distinguished sound. "The Walk to the Paradise Garden" is coupled on Side 2 with "A Song of Summer."

Haydn, Then and Now

HAYDN: *Concerto in D. Emanuel Feuermann, cello, with orchestra conducted by Malcolm Sargent;* SCHUBERT: *Sonata in A minor ("Arpeggione"). Feuermann, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (Columbia ML 4677, $5.45.)

HAYDN: *Concerto in D. Pierre Fournier, cello, with Rafael Kubelik conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra;* FAURÉ: *"Elégie," etc. Fournier, with Ernest Lush, piano.* (HMV LHMV 1043, $5.95.)

THE difference between an "entrée" and an "encore" is rather suggestively illustrated by Columbia's assignment of its Beecham, Szigeti, Weingartner, and Feuermann performances to a Special Collector's Series at regular, rather than "Entré," rates. Since the standard of reproduction in these is not much superior to the ones of later date made in this country—the discrepancy has to do with the better techniques that prevailed in England in the Thirties—it suggests that the durable thing in a record is the personality of the performer and how it accords with the task in hand.

Here, for example, Fournier's sound is much clearer, more lifelike than Feuermann's, but it is equally evident that the bygone player was much more a master of the music, if not substantially more a master of the cello. Hardly a phrase passes that does not recall Feuermann's exceptional ability to make every note count, his ability to inflect a line by a slight bow pressure on the way to a climax. On the whole, I'd say that Janigro's performance with Prohaska on Westminster, benefiting as it does by contemporary recording, is a more enjoyable way of hearing this work, but for those to whom Feuermann is just a legend this record should be worthy of study as well as respect.

There is no advantageous way of comparing the two second sides, for Feuermann plays, with his character-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto in D. Albert Spalding, violin, with orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Loibner. Remington 199 145, $2.49.	A lifelike replica of the late American violinist's style in this work: fine grained and strongly felt in the lyric passages, rather thin and without sufficient thrust in those requiring bravura. However, it is a highly desirable addendum to his recorded literature. Good orchestral work and surprisingly good sound (the Brahmsaal in Vienna was used for the recording).
Brahms: Symphony in C minor. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WL 5189, $5.95.	Painstaking but ponderous treatment of this music, at least for those of us who have become indoctrinated with the Toscanini concept. Not much beauty of sound in the individual solo instruments, save the horn, which is excellent. Rather too much tympani throughout.
Duparc: "Le Manoir de Rosemonde," etc. Mack Harrell, baritone, with Brooks Smith, piano. Remington 199-140, $2.49.	One of a dozen items included in this varied recital by Harrell, whose art is in excellent order as his voice is in good, fresh estate. I prefer his singing of the French material (Massenet and Fauré are the others favored) to his treatment of Schubert's "An die Leyer" or Wolf's "Abschied." As always, his English enunciation is a delight, in Purcell's "Evening Hymn" and Niles's "Gambling Songs." Good clean sound and proper balance.
Enesco: "Rumanian Rhapsodies," Nos. 1 and 2. Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Orchestra. Capitol S-8209, $5.72.	Rather workaday performances by the Sevitzky-led Indianapolians. The orchestra sounds better than it did on some earlier recordings, but it is short of the sonority one has heard in this music under other circumstances. The second side offers four of the Dvorak "Slavonic Dances" (Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 8) in performances of similar competence.
Franck: Sonata in A. Leonard Rose, cello, with Leonid Hambro, piano. Columbia ML 4652, $5.45.	Sensitive, understanding work by Rose and Hambro, who play together as one rarely hears in this work. At moments, however, one suspects that some climaxes have been mechanically enhanced—hardly a necessity with musicians of this refinement. Superb string sound in this and the overside Grieg Sonata in A minor.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 44 ("Trauer") and 49 ("La Passione"). Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WL 5206, $5.95.	Two of the finest works of Haydn's early maturity, though chronologically the "Passione" actually precedes the "Trauer" by several years. Scherchen's secure feeling for this composer's idiom is no less appropriate here than in the later works for which he is celebrated. Fine sound.
Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor. Siegfried Borries, violin with Sergiu Celibidache conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Bluebird LBC 1049, $3.10.	A substantial portion of the Mendelssohn orchestral literature at bargain rates, for Borries' well-phrased, even-sounding playing of the concerto is partnered by a dazzling version of the "Italian" Symphony by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra. I don't know another as good, regardless of price. The orchestral score of the concerto fares well with Celibidache.
Mozart: Sonatas in D (K.381) and B flat (K.358). Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianists. Columbia ML 4667, $5.45.	Mechanically adroit but not musically interesting playings of two works which need more than precision to convey what they contain. Vronsky and Babin polish the surface brightly, but a little more tonal variety, rhythmic zest, and emotional lift would be welcome. Remarkable piano sound.
Mussorgsky: "Night on the Bare Mountain," etc. Walter Susskind conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. M-G-M E3030, $4.85.	Excellent choice of repertory, with the familiar Witches' Sabbath embellished by three "Khovantchina" excerpts, a suite from "Fair at Sorochinsk," and several miscellaneous orchestral brevities. Susskind blends orchestral control with enough vitality to make the music interesting. Exceptional recording.
Saint-Saëns: "Carnival des Animaux." Walter Goehr, conducting the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, with Jean Antonietti and Isja Rossican, pianists. CHS 1179, $5.95.	Those who prefer their Saint-Saëns without the intruding verses of Ogden Nash and the voice of Noel Coward will find it deftly serviced here by Goehr, an excellent Dutch orchestra, and two capable pianists. This side is better recorded than the accompanying E flat Concerto of Saint-Saëns (No. 3), in which Pina Pozzi is the well-equipped soloist, with the Winterthur Symphony performing rather noisily under the none-too-subtle direction of Victor Desarzens.
Schubert-Liszt: "Fantasy," Opus 15. Grant Johannesen, piano, with the Netherlands Philharmonic directed by Walter Goehr. CHS 1176, $5.95.	A sound accomplishment by Johannesen and Goehr, who collaborate to the worthy end of demonstrating the excellence of Liszt's transcription and its suitability to the Schubertian materials. Johannesen shows more of his admirable musical instincts in a group of "Ländler" (Opus 171). The second side is filled out by an animated performance of the A major Rondo, with Miriam Solovieff as solo violinist and Henry Swoboda conducting a Vienna orchestra. The "Fantasy" is decidedly good recording, the Rondo only fair.
Strauss: "Aus Italien." Arthur Rother conducting the orchestra of Radio Berlin. Urania 7087, $5.95.	Powerful production by conductor Rother of Strauss's pioneer tone poem, with its many derivations and equally numerous originalities. Perhaps Luigi Denza should never have written a song called "Funiculi Funicula." Straussians are familiar with the composer's mistake in appropriating it for use in his finale, in the belief it was a folk tune. Here they will find its authorship credited to Arditi.
Strauss: "Ariadne" Overture. Ferdinand Leitner conducting. Decca DL 4063, $2.50.	As miscellanies go, this is one of the most miscellaneous of all time, with Rossini's "Tancredi" Overture, Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla," and Verdi's "Nabucco" sharing groove space with the Straussian miniature. Ferenc Fricsay has the baton for the Rossini and Verdi pieces, and Fritz Lehmann conducts the Glinka. None of the orchestras is more than fair (the RIAS conducted by Fricsay is the best), and the recording tends to shrillish highs.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet." Franz Waxman conducting the Los Angeles Orchestral Society, with Jean Fenn, soprano, Raymond Manton, tenor, and Katherine Hilgenberg, mezzo-soprano. Capitol P-8189, $4.98.	How seriously Tchaikovsky meant this vocal adaptation of a portion of his overture to be taken is hard to say, for he left it unfinished, and even the editorial hand of Taneieff is amended by conductor Waxman who precedes the dueting voices with the beginning of the overture-fantasy (NOT utilized by Tchaikovsky). With it is a portion of the fourth act of Gounod's opera on Romeo and Juliet. Fine young voices, brightly reproduced. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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pears. In her place appears the Ponselle who spent a year and a half studying the role of Norma by herself before she rehearsed it with anyone. Here is a tireless, never-satisfied director who knows the secrets of vocal production, the way to turn a phrase to melt the listener's heart. Here is an artist who can stage a difficult scene so that it looks credible while allowing the singers to see the conductor at crucial moments and so that it can be sung with a minimum of effort and yet always conform to the proper mood of the piece.

To hear and watch Ponselle work through one of the final rehearsals of "Bohème" was to see and understand that opera in a new light. For some of today's young singers lack any real acquaintance with the great traditions of singing as well as any natural instinct for the kind of romantic illusion necessary and possible in this fragrant score. Though Mimi was not a Ponselle role, one might suppose that, having been around the Met during memorable evenings of "Bohème" with Caruso, Gigli, Muzio, and Bori, Ponselle might feel that she knew the opera well enough to pass it on to others. Far from it. Enticing Tullio Serafin down to Villa Pace for a rest from his City Center labors, Ponselle plumped the score in front of the great conductor and said, "Now, *caro Maestro,* will you begin at the beginning and go through the whole opera with me?" And Serafin, who shortly before, while hearing Ponselle sing, exclaimed that he had heard no such sound in eighteen years, did just that.

When Ponselle works with young singers who so often have fine voices and little real knowledge of what to do with them, and who have no idea of how to act during a given five measures, she stops at no effort to show them the kind of tone implicit in the music, the kind of walk Musetta needs during the second act waltz (this is advice current Musettas could use), and a dozen more concrete suggestions. A wooden tenor who fails to realize how to spin out the last note of "Che gelida manina" hears from Ponselle a decrescendo of such marvelous control that only a wooden tenor could follow it with unfeeling phrasing. But Ponselle, who is capable of telling tenors with excellent voices, "You are never going to be anything more than you are right now, a third-rate tenor with a small opera company, because you think your voice is so wonderful and you won't work," this same Ponselle is also capable of infinite patience until she gets what she, and Puccini, wants. The opening measures of the fourth act duet, "Sono andati," run about sixty seconds. Yet Ponselle worked with a truly gifted soprano and the tenor for fifty minutes before they arrived at the proper timing of Mimi's rising as she enters a tubercular spasm, just at the peak of the phrase. And so it went. Nothing is overlooked in these rehearsals. Mispronunciation of Italian finds the Ponselle hand out for a dime from the offender. Failure to enunciate clearly, be the pronunciation good or bad, costs the offender twenty-five cents.

THE results, by curtain time, can be seen and felt in the sense of professional standards maintained throughout an entire cast. Conductor Leigh Martinet, who has worked out all singer-conductor problems during rehearsals and has prepared the orchestra and chorus, delivers a performance of remarkably high quality.

In mid-April the company presented Massenet's "Manon," the first in Baltimore since 1929. During an intermission the audience was told what many had known, that the coaching of the solo singers was the work of Baltimore's famed Ponselle. In that "Manon," again an opera Ponselle never sang, one could see the art of Ponselle expressed in new ways. Young singers were infusing into Massenet's music the kind of vitality it must have to hold an audience. But they were playing it with style as well as vitality. Manon's "Adieu" to her little table was a moving moment from a singer who had fairly recently learned how much could be gained by underplaying, by the right timing of a critical note.

Today, together with the work with the opera company, Ponselle has taken on the vocal training or final polishing of a limited number of outstanding singers that have come to her. They have come feeling that here is a source of information not available anywhere else. And they are apt to meet some illustrious musicians. Villa Pace is visited by a Martinelli one week, Pinza another.

In such an atmosphere young artists can flourish. They can hardly help acquiring some sense of what kind of life went into the making of great singers in the past. And when they hear the radiant power of the Rosa Ponselle of 1953 soaring through a phrase to illustrate a point, or on a lucky day hear the soprano singing for a half hour or so some new songs or operatic excerpts on which she has long been at work — for Ponselle is often busy learning new music for her own satisfaction—they are much closer to a conception of what goes into the life of a real artist.

No, Rosa Ponselle is not likely to take up a public singing career again, in concert or in opera. And it is doubtful, though not impossible, that she will make a new series of recordings. One of the largest record companies would install recording equipment in Villa Pace if Ponselle felt that she wanted to add to what her admirers consider an all too small library of records. But the years ahead may well be brighter for opera lovers because of the rise of some young singer who found the key to real achievement in the inspiration of an artist who will not sing publicly because she sets standards for herself that she is not willing to meet, but who sings today more beautifully than many of the world's leading singers, and sings because she must.

Ponselle [with Phyllis Frankel] at a dress rehearsal of "La Traviata" in Baltimore.

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Opera in Hamburg

By Paul Jaretzki

THE phrase "ensemble opera" has come to be interpreted in a variety of ways. At the Metropolitan and La Scala, for instance, it is stars in "ensemble." Vienna, too, has its stars, but more often than not they are attracted by more lucrative engagements in foreign lands, so that the Vienna ensemble must depend to a large degree on second-rate replacements. Other cities, such as Munich, strike something of a happy medium. One company, however, that of Hamburg, envisions "ensemble opera" in the most literal sense of the word, which means few stars, few guest appearances, and short-term leaves for its member singers.

One night during an Allied air raid in 1943 the opera's auditorium suffered a direct hit. Fortunately, the iron curtain which separated the auditorium from the stage had been lowered, so that the fire did not spread to the stage area. At the end of the war, the management was thus able to build an "ersatz" theatre, utilizing the old stage as an auditorium, while the meager backstage area (forty-three feet wide and only twenty-eight feet deep) became the stage itself.

These, then, were the challenging conditions which greeted Günther Rennert when in 1946 he became general intendant of the company. Rennert, formerly a motion-picture and theatre director, and also with vast operatic experience, believed that the postwar survival of opera in Hamburg depended solely on the emergence of a true ensemble troupe.

While visiting Hamburg for nine consecutive performances in the same number of days, two curious and admittedly rare phenomena became evident: there was but one out-and-out bad performance; and although few of the company's singers rank among Europe's best, everyone made at least an agreeable impression and several considerably more than that.

The orchestra does not compare with those of Vienna or Munich, but under a good conductor it plays very well. The chorus sings accurately, and, of almost equal importance, with enthusiasm. The ballet is not first-rate, but the inventive choreography of Helga Swedlund contributes much to the enjoyment of the performances. Scenic designer Alfred Siercke has worked wonders in the confines of the small stage. He creates the feeling of spaciousness through his beautifully conceived backdrops and through the use of what might best be described as a third dimension, that is by constructing balconies, two-story houses, and other elevations to allow variety in working out the stage action.

The one bad production is "Don Giovanni." Willy Czernik's conducting was funereal, Rennert's staging far-fetched. The only pleasure of the evening was the expert vocalism of James Pease in the title role, Elfriede Wasserthal as Donna Elvira, and Clara Ebers as Donna Anna. On the other hand, Rennert's "Der Barbier von Sevilla," although five years old, looks (and sounds) as bright and shiny as if it had been newly mounted but a few weeks before. Verdi's "Otello," the only "big" work performed during my stay, came off extremely well. Rennert's staging made good sense, and under the baton of Wilhelm Schleuning the performance had musical conviction and beauty. The Otello in this performance was Wilhelm Ernest, from Frankfurt. He shows great promise as a heldentenor, though as yet he does not exercise full control over his large voice.

And then there is the utterly captivating new production of Wolf-Ferrari's "Der Campiello." This nonsensical farce concerns itself with a day in the lives of four families who inhabit a Venetian campiello—that is, a little piazza which is a world by itself. There are love, jealousy, family feuds, and finally a free-for-all street brawl, climaxed by an uproarious fight between two elderly mothers enacted, according to the composer's specifications, by two tenors. Adding to the fun, stage director

Wolf-Ferrari's "Der Campiello" as staged at the Hamburg Staatsoper—"love, jealousy, family feuds."

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Werner Wiekenberg has advanced the time of the action from 1750 to the present, so that the principals appear in modern dress. Thus the Orpheus becomes a typical tourist in sport clothes and sun glasses with a leather camera case slung over his shoulder.

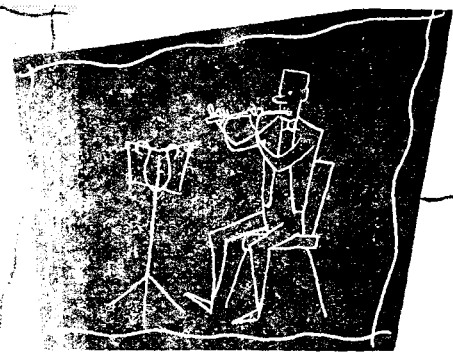
Much of the singing in Hamburg is on a very high plane. Elfriede Wasserthal's warm, luxuriant soprano voice proved outstanding; she is a singer to watch. Maria v. Ilosvay in the title role of "Orpheus" sang with ample tones and a fine sense of the classical style. Young Christine Gönner is a lovable soubrette, and Valerie Bak is well suited to such lyric roles as Nedda and Gilda. Among the men Fritz Lehnert, versatile in his many assignments, displayed in particular an attractive German "tenorino" voice as Almaviva in "Der Barbier." Josef Metternich is a well-routined baritone. (Four of Hamburg's most prominent singers, Erna Schlüter, Martha Mödl, Peter Anders, and Gottlob Frick, were on leave during the time I was there.)

With an eye to the future, Dr. Rennert is ever on the lookout for new talent which can fit into the ensemble and eventually replace some of the older singers who are nearing retirement. So it is, for instance, that the N.Y. City Opera Company's leading bass-baritone, James Pease, was engaged for this past season. His tremendous successes in such roles as the "Walküre" Wotan and Orestes in "Elektra" have won him a long-term contract with the company. Another American, the Metropolitan's lyric soprano Ann Bollinger, will join the troupe this fall.

In 1955 the rebuilding of the old opera house will be completed. But Dr. Rennert, believing in the success of his ensemble system, envisions few changes in the basic operation of the company. Rennert's ensemble system is not the best suited for all companies, but there is no doubt that the citizens of Hamburg benefit by it in many fine operatic presentations.

European Reports

IRVING KOLODIN is now in Europe, where he will report on musical activity, live and recorded, beginning in the issue of August 1. His plans include the festivals at Aix-en-Provence, Bayreuth, Munich, Salzburg, and Edinburgh. What is happening in the recording studios of France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and England will also be surveyed by Mr. Kolodin.



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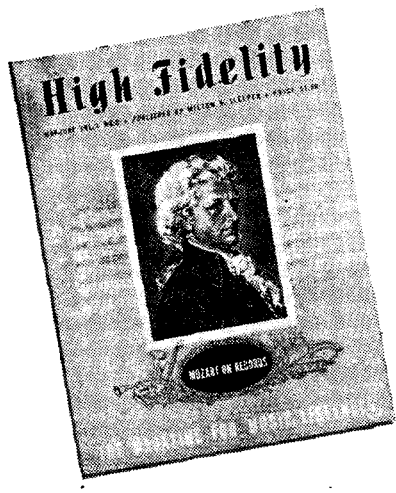

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What Are the Wild Waterfowl Saying?

What is it like to go into the record business? Rena Niles, wife of the well-known American folk singer John Jacob Niles, offers a dollar-by-dollar description, based on her experiences in launching the Boone-Tolliver Record Company.

By Rena Niles

THERE are many delightful ways of going broke—betting on the ponies, buying a yacht, or spending a week-end in New York. Delightful but banal. There's really nothing extraordinary about going broke while having a good time. For the person who wants something different—such as a chance to become impoverished while working tooth-and-toenail—I suggest a plunge into the record business.

It's really very simple. The big recording companies have made it so. For when they introduced the long-playing record, they were not merely invading a greener pasture for their own grazing; they were also, inadvertently perhaps, knocking down the fences and opening up that same pasture to a herd of lesser bulls following in their tracks. So long as standard-speed records were the only ones on the market, smaller companies were held in check by the technical difficulties involved and the enormous amount of equipment, and thus of cash, required. The advent of LP changed all that. Now you or I or any other sucker can get into the record business for a few hundred dollars. The venture carries this unwritten guarantee: you'll work so hard at losing your investment that you'll consider yourself lucky when the last dollar is spent.

How to begin? You begin at the beginning—that is to say, with an idea. You become convinced that the public is hankering to buy whatever it is you have to offer, and that this urge is being maliciously denied by the Big Companies, who refuse to make the product available.

The public, you are sure, has tired of Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney, and wishes to hear the cries and chants of waterfowl. Waterfowl utter very musical cries—not unlike those of Johnny Ray, but so much better. Luckily, you have a friend who has bought a tape recorder on the instalment plan, and so you contact him at once. At great peril to the machine and even greater sacroiliac strain to its owner, you set up the recorder on the edge of the marshes, where waterfowl can be expected to utter their cries. No electric outlets are provided there, but you know how to improvise. Every car has a battery. You pay for the gas, the tape, the whiskey, and you offer a small bonus to the owner of the tape recorder. The next day he informs you that the damp air of the marshes, so salubrious to waterfowl, has damaged his machine. He also needs a new battery. You gladly come across with $75—a mere bagatelle.

You then send your tapes to one of the Big Companies, who maintain a Custom Department for such as you. You are delighted to learn that they will make records of the highest quality—pure vinylite, red labels, and all—for 57 cents each (in lots of 500), in addition to a processing charge of $70. As you expect to sell your record for $4, you are convinced you are getting a bargain.

The next step is to have a sleeve made. Long-playing records all go in sleeves, as sure as waterfowl nest in marshes. And these sleeves have to be covered with glossy paper, and they must be well designed and brightly colored, or your record won't catch the eye of the buyer in the record store. You discover that sleeves will cost you eleven cents apiece. With that $4 sale-price in mind, it seems cheap enough. Unfortunately, it covers only the bare cardboard of the sleeve—not the bright papers, front and back, which must adorn it.

YOU wisely decide that a recording of waterfowl should carry a handsome color photo of these fowl—just as the recording of "South Pacific" shows Pinza peering through the palms. Too bad you didn't think of it sooner: you might have photographed while recording. But that's water over the dam, or over the marshes, and so you remember you have another friend. This one has recently acquired a Rolleiflex camera, also on the instalment plan,

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and he is happy at the opportunity of defraying the cost of the next payment. You buy the gas, the film, the whiskey, and you give your friend a small bonus, in return for which he gives you a small negative (2¼ by 2¼) which you take to your printer.

Here's where the fun begins. The printer sighs and points out that this bright, sharp negative (2¼ by 2¼) will not appear quite so bright and sharp when it is blown up to size (10½ by 10½). Not another trip to the marshes! Well, maybe not. maybe the printer's skill will make up for your inexperience. It will take a cut, of course, and several tint-blocks. But there's no escaping the bill. The printer, who does not share your enthusiasm for waterfowl, is in the printing business for a profit. A pox on him.

AT this point you discover that your sleeve is costing you more than the record. More, anyway, than the 57 cents you imagined the record was costing you. But you remind yourself that you're lucky: waterfowl, unlike Crosby and Clooney, demand no royalties, and their music is in the public domain. No dickering with agents and publishers. And that's a happy break, for by this time you are spending two hours a day at your typewriter, corresponding with the manufacturer of the records, the maker of the sleeves, the printer of the papers. But it's all worth while. Here, on your desk, is a letter saying that your records are about to be released. Now to tackle the problem of distribution!

You discover—in this business you always "discover" because no one tells you anything (does Gimbel's tell Macy's?)—you discover, then, that there is no such thing as national distribution. For the Big Companies, yes. But for the little guys, no. For them there are local distributors, each one of whom has taken a slice of the USA in which he distributes the products of such as you. This means that if you hope to have the entire nation—and nothing less will do—hear the cries of waterfowl, you must correspond with about twenty distributors located in various cities throughout the land.

In Utopia there are certainly twenty honest, competent distributors. In the USA the number is regrettably smaller. You will therefore have to deal with some that are not honest and some that are not competent and some that are neither honest nor competent. You will surely find one distributor who is both competent and honest. But you may also find that his territory covers only Keokuk and the two counties adjacent thereto.

By this time you are spending not two hours but four at your typewriter every morning, and your letters have taken on an acrimonious tone. Your phone bill is large. So is your telephone bill. Your enthusiasm, however, is proportionately smaller, for you have discovered—again a discovery!—that this record which you thought you were selling for $4 is really bringing you $1.88.

How is that? Very simple. The public—that great public which yearns to hear the waterfowl cry—will be asked $4 for your record. But you have forgotten two very important people—the retailer and the distributor, both of whom (the dogs!) want to make a profit. So it's $1.88 to you for that $4 record—$1.88 minus 2 per cent for promptness if the distributor pays his bill before the tenth of the month next, minus an additional 1 per cent for anticipation if he pays right away, minus freight charges (and records are heavy), minus a 10 per cent Government excise tax, minus a city sales tax where such is imposed, minus . . .

It's deduct and deduct all along the way. As the late great Fanny Brice said, "You wanta know where the profits go? Easy—de ducks gets 'em!" Ducks or waterfowl. It's really all one and the same. And you? What do you expect for your money?

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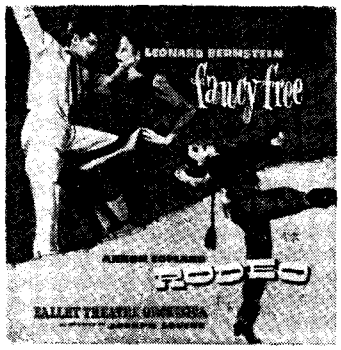

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Recordings in Review

Good Singing and Great

MUSSORGSKY: *Songs and arias. Boris Christoff, bass, with orchestras conducted by Issay Dobrowen and Wilhelm Schuechter, and piano accompaniments by Gerald Moore.* (HMV LHMV 1033, $5.95.)

BEETHOVEN: *"An die ferne Geliebte," other songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (HMV LHMV 1046, $5.95.)

WITH Christoff settled as an HMV artist since his earliest recording days and Fischer-Dieskau apparently now of that status after vacillations among several companies, it is certain that the doughty Gerald Moore will have much to keep him busy in the future, and on the level of quality to which he is accustomed. This may seem a roundabout way of appraising Christoff and Fischer-Dieskau, but Moore is a frame of reference by which any singer may be judged, and these fit, on the whole, well.

The kind of long-throated, fully resonant work Christoff does with the orchestras in arias from Rimsky's "City of Kitezh," Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina," and Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" is the natural complement for his striking "Boris"; what one finds gratifying is the equal artistry in the more concentrated challenges of Mussorgsky's "Field Marshal Death," "The Grave," and "Softly the Spirit Flew Up," all performed with a powerful sense of mood. However, it is his majestic singing of "The Song of the Flea"—another Mussorgsky song, lest it be forgotten—which marks him as a singer in a thousand. It is effective without being affected, dramatic without being theatrical, and withal musical. Certainly the most decisive performance of the song since Chaliapin's and—if the idea is not too *outré*—in some ways better. Moore's participation, of itself, is something the older man never enjoyed.

Fischer-Dieskau is something less of a fixed quantity. Just when one concludes that he is a light baritone who has no business, really, singing such heroic songs as Schubert's "Der Atlas" or "Doppelgänger," he takes hold of "Der Erlkönig" in a way rarely heard from a male singer since Kipnis. However, the distinction stands, for the moment, that Fischer-Dieskau, at twenty-eight, is a more appealing voice in "An die ferne Geliebte" and Schumann's "Mondnacht" than he is in "Die beiden Grenadiere." There is not only a lack of vocal weight in the more heroic songs, but also a striving for climax which obscures the really fine sound in mezzo voce. Always, however, he is a singer of uncommon intelligence.

More Weingartner

WAGNER: *"Rhine Journey" and "Funeral March" (Götterdämmerung"), Introduction to Act III of "Tannhäuser," Prelude to Act III of "Tristan." Felix Weingartner conducting the Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire. "Siegfried Idyl." Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic.* (Columbia ML 4680, $5.45.)

HANDEL: *Concerti Grossi in D and G minor, Opus 6, Nos. 5 and 6. Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4676, $5.45.)

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in B flat, Opus 106. Weingartner conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4675, $5.45.)

AS IT is customary enough for readers to remind a writer of the occasions when he was at fault, I take the liberty of quoting a remark written in a book of 1941 on the first of these welcome restorations: "The catalogue of Wagner recordings by Weingartner is not long, but it must be recognized that he has selected what is suitable for his feelings with unerring judgment." The references, further, to his treatment of the Prelude to Act III of "Tristan" as "compassionate, expressive, and illuminating all at once" and the recording as "excellent" for "breadth and vividness" are amply sustained by this rehearing, in combination with performances of the "Rhine Journey" and "Funeral March" which harmonize the extremes of the Wagner style with unswerving taste and judgment. The "Siegfried Idyl" is somewhat slow-moving but impressively sustained, the "Tannhäuser" oddity given a full measure of effect. All of these have been tonally restored with quite surprising values.

The Handel, I think, will be of interest largely to devotees of the conductor, for unless the sound is turned up considerably, the definition is not good, and at that level there is an inevitable amount of background noise. By contrast with the preference of such specialists as Boyd Neel for a group of strings suitable for a small hall, Weingartner uses the full string choir of the big symphony orchestra. The result is mostly enjoyable, though the "Presto" of the D major is badly blurred, and the sound on this side deteriorates rather noticeably.

As for the "Hammerklavier," it has long been the *pièce de résistance* of the Weingartner literature, and its long-delayed reappearance has by no means lessened its attraction. In fact, it grows enormously in stature by comparison with such a "contemporary" offering as Urania's of last month (Kurt Graunke, with the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra). And if the recording is lacking true fidelity, it also lacks the exaggerated highs and distorted lows of Urania's overproduced version. However, this is essentially a museum piece; a place certainly remains for a proper performance of this transcription in an appropriate recording.

V.W.'s "Pastoral"

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"A Pastoral Symphony." Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LL 721, $5.95.)

IT would be an entrancing paradox if the next generation chose to regard Ralph Vaughan Williams as a greater symphonist than Sibelius, generally considered the contemporary master of the manner. For was it not Cecil Gray, a countryman of Vaughan Williams, who pronounced Sibelius "the greatest symphonist since Beethoven," and has not Sir Thomas Beecham elected Sibelius to be his proof of interest in living composers, though Vaughan Williams continues to live and create, while Sibelius has given us little music of consequence in two decades?

One is prompted to this speculation with the appearance of this truly beautiful work (written in 1922) on records for the very first time. Mention is made in passing, in the annotation of Hubert Foss, that the "Pastoral" has "not till now been recorded for the gramophone"; an incredible statement, considering this symphony's position among the composer's works, but one borne out by a search of the relevant documents.

If this is all the general public knows of a work whose size and poetry and strong personal idiom entitle it to rank as a masterpiece, how could the stature of Vaughan Williams be truly measured? Certainly, the "London" Symphony is an imposing work as the F minor (No. 6) is a stern and uncompromising one. Add

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to these the "Sea" Symphony (practically unknown in this country) and the recent "Antartica" and it's apparent that Vaughan Williams the symphonist has not yet had full hearing to which his merits entitle him. It has always seemed to me plausible that a composer capable of masterworks, such as Mahler in his songs, was not to be judged hastily in larger efforts, and the esteem for Mahler's symphonies is certainly on the upgrade. As much could be said of Vaughan Williams, in terms of the "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis" and his symphonies.

Boult has rarely done anything as commanding as his conducting of this work, aided by orchestral playing of the first order and proper consideration on the part of the engineers. Margaret Ritchie sings the incidental but important soprano music in the last movement with excellent effect.

Semper (High) Fidelis

WALTON: *"Orb and Sceptre," etc. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 804, $5.95.)

COATES: *"Four Centuries," "The Three Elizabeths." Eric Coates conducting the New Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 753, $5.95.)

ELGAR: *"Enigma" Variations. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 740, $5.95.)

DELIUS: *"Brigg Fair," "First Cuckoo," "A Song of Summer," etc. Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 758, $5.95.)

BEFITTING a queen so widely beloved as Elizabeth II, the musical expressions prepared by London for her Coronation are marked not only by fidelity, but even more by High Fidelity—which is to say the FFRR brand of clangorous cymbals, blasting trumpets, and sweeping strings in aural suggestion of the royal purple. Some of it is even good music, but that purpose might be noted as incidental to the main product of good sound.

Of the actual Coronation music itself, it is a long time since I have heard so disappointing an occasional piece as Walton's "Orb and Sceptre." From the opening Mendelssohnian fanfare ("Athalia") to the quasi-Elgarian march tune, it misses all boats, touches no bases, evokes only surprise that the bigness of the occasion stirred nothing deeper in

"every note count"

W[illegible] equally trite (if in a different way) is the "Coronation March" of Arnold Bax. We are reminded of the strength and stride of the real article in the D and G major "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches which share Side 2 with Elgar's "Imperial March." Sir Malcolm, to me, is a better interpreter for this kind of Elgar than he is for the "Enigma" kind. Here, again, are all the accent on the obvious, all the glorification of the commonplace which Toscanini has effaced by his penetration and subtlety. If this is the kind of "Enigma" the British cherish, let them have it; we'll continue our devotion to the "Italian" variety. It is certainly a splendid sound that London gives us here, also in the Coates-arranged suite from Purcell which fills out Side 2. Yes, the "Enigma" is interrupted in midcourse, after Variation XI. However, the quiet ending of Side 2 is a new kind of exacting test for any high fidelity unit—pizzicato strings, yet pianissimo.

The arranging Coates, of course, is the conductor Albert rather than the composer Eric, whose highly flavorsome idiom and command of a pleasurable melodic texture give us renewed enjoyment in a pairing of the "Four Centuries" Suite with the "Three Elizabeths." Doubtless he would have contributed something to the late ceremonial were his health better, but the snap and dash which distinguish his own direction of such works as the "London" and "London Again" Suites are strongly evident here.

For most admirers of Delius, there is but one conductor of his music, and his name is not Collins. This is not to penalize the current conductor for not being named Beecham, but simply to say, rather regretfully, that for all the musicianship and taste of these performances there remains an intangible yet essential element that escapes him. Perhaps it is merely the ability to poetize, to take the well-ordered sounds with their admirably clean articulation and make them say something that is Delius-plus-Collins, as the model we are considering gives us Delius-plus-Beecham. Within the prescribed limitations, however, this is excellent orchestral work, and truly distinguished sound. "The Walk to the Paradise Garden" is coupled on Side 2 with "A Song of Summer."

Haydn, Then and Now

HAYDN: *Concerto in D. Emanuel Feuermann, cello, with orchestra conducted by Malcolm Sargent;* SCHUBERT: *Sonata in A minor ("Arpeggione"). Feuermann, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (Columbia ML 4677, $5.45.)

HAYDN: *Concerto in D. Pierre Fournier, cello, with Rafael Kubelik conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra;* FAURÉ: *"Elégie," etc. Fournier, with Ernest Lush, piano.* (HMV LHMV 1043, $5.95.)

THE difference between an "entrée" and an "encore" is rather suggestively illustrated by Columbia's assignment of its Beecham, Szigeti, Weingartner, and Feuermann performances to a Special Collector's Series at regular, rather than "Entré," rates. Since the standard of reproduction in these is not much superior to the ones of later date made in this country—the discrepancy has to do with the better techniques that prevailed in England in the Thirties—it suggests that the durable thing in a record is the personality of the performer and how it accords with the task in hand.

Here, for example, Fournier's sound is much clearer, more lifelike than Feuermann's, but it is equally evident that the bygone player was much more a master of the music, if not substantially more a master of the cello. Hardly a phrase passes that does not recall Feuermann's exceptional ability to make every note count, his ability to inflect a line by a slight bow pressure on the way to a climax. On the whole, I'd say that Janigro's performance with Prohaska on Westminster, benefiting as it does by contemporary recording, is a more enjoyable way of hearing this work, but for those to whom Feuermann is just a legend this record should be worthy of study as well as respect.

There is no advantageous way of comparing the two second sides, for Feuermann plays, with his character-

(*Continued on page 55*)

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto in D. Albert Spalding, violin, with orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Loibner. Remington 199 115, $2.49.	A lifelike replica of the late American violinist's style in this work: fine grained and strongly felt in the lyric passages, rather thin and without sufficient thrust in those requiring bravura. However it is a highly desirable addendum to his recorded literature. Good orchestral work and surprisingly good sound (the Brahmsaal in Vienna was used for the recording).
Brahms: Symphony in C minor. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WL 5189, $5.95.	Painstaking but ponderous treatment of this music, at least for those of us who have become indoctrinated with the Toscanini concept. Not much beauty of sound in the individual solo instruments, save the horn, which is excellent. Rather too much tympani throughout.
Duparc: "Le Manoir de Rosemonde," etc. Mack Harrell, baritone, with Brooks Smith, piano. Remington 199-140, $2.49.	One of a dozen items included in this varied recital by Harrell, whose art is in excellent order as his voice is in good, fresh estate. I prefer his singing of the French material (Massenet and Fauré are the others favored) to his treatment of Schubert's "An die Leyer" or Wolf's "Abschied." As always, his English enunciation is a delight, in Purcell's "Evening Hymn" and Niles's "Gambling Songs." Good clean sound and proper balance.
Enesco: "Rumanian Rhapsodies," Nos. 1 and 2. Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Orchestra. Capitol S-8209, $5.72.	Rather workaday performances by the Sevitzky-led Indianapolians. The orchestra sounds better than it did on some earlier recordings, but it is short of the sonority one has heard in this music under other circumstances. The second side offers four of the Dvorak "Slavonic Dances" (Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 8) in performances of similar competence.
Franck: Sonata in A. Leonard Rose, cello, with Leonid Hambro, piano. Columbia ML 4652, $5.45.	Sensitive, understanding work by Rose and Hambro, who play together as one rarely hears in this work. At moments, however, one suspects that some climaxes have been mechanically enhanced—hardly a necessity with musicians of this refinement. Superb string sound in this and the overside Grieg Sonata in A minor.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 44 ("Trauer") and 49 ("La Passione"). Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WL 5206, $5.95.	Two of the finest works of Haydn's early maturity, though chronologically the "Passione" actually precedes the "Trauer" by several years. Scherchen's secure feeling for this composer's idiom is no less appropriate here than in the later works for which he is celebrated. Fine sound.
Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor. Siegfried Borries, violin with Sergiu Celibidache conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Bluebird LBC 1049, $3.10.	A substantial portion of the Mendelssohn orchestral literature at bargain rates, for Borries' well-phrased, even-sounding playing of the concerto is partnered by a dazzling version of the "Italian" Symphony by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra. I don't know another as good, regardless of price. The orchestral score of the concerto fares well with Celibidache.
Mozart: Sonatas in D (K.381) and B flat (K.358). Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianists. Columbia ML 4667, $5.45.	Mechanically adroit but not musically interesting playings of two works which need more than precision to convey what they contain. Vronsky and Babin polish the surface brightly, but a little more tonal variety, rhythmic zest, and emotional lift would be welcome. Remarkable piano sound.
Mussorgsky: "Night on the Bare Mountain," etc. Walter Susskind conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. M-G-M E3030, $4.85.	Excellent choice of repertory, with the familiar Witches' Sabbath embellished by three "Khovantchina" excerpts, a suite from "Fair at Sorochinsk," and several miscellaneous orchestral brevities. Susskind blends orchestral control with enough vitality to make the music interesting. Exceptional recording.
Saint-Saëns: "Carnival des Animaux." Walter Goehr, conducting the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, with Jean Antonietti and Isja Rossican, pianists. CHS 1179, $5.95.	Those who prefer their Saint-Saëns without the intruding verses of Ogden Nash and the voice of Noel Coward will find it deftly serviced here by Goehr, an excellent Dutch orchestra, and two capable pianists. This side is better recorded than the accompanying E flat Concerto of Saint-Saëns (No. 3), in which Pina Pozzi is the well-equipped soloist, with the Winterthur Symphony performing rather noisily under the none-too-subtle direction of Victor Desarzens.
Schubert-Liszt: "Fantasy," Opus 15. Grant Johannesen, piano, with the Netherlands Philharmonic directed by Walter Goehr. CHS 1176, $5.95.	A sound accomplishment by Johannesen and Goehr, who collaborate to the worthy end of demonstrating the excellence of Liszt's transcription and its suitability to the Schubertian materials. Johannesen shows more of his admirable musical instincts in a group of "Ländler" (Opus 171). The second side is filled out by an animated performance of the A major Rondo, with Miriam Solovieff as solo violinist and Henry Swoboda conducting a Vienna orchestra. The "Fantasy" is decidedly good recording, the Rondo only fair.
Strauss: "Aus Italien." Arthur Rother conducting the orchestra of Radio Berlin. Urania 7087, $5.95.	Powerful production by conductor Rother of Strauss's pioneer tone poem, with its many derivations and equally numerous originalities. Perhaps Luigi Denza should never have written a song called "Funiculi Funicula." Straussians are familiar with the composer's mistake in appropriating it for use in his finale, in the belief it was a folk tune. Here they will find its authorship credited to Arditi.
Strauss: "Ariadne" Overture. Ferdinand Leitner conducting. Decca DL 4063, $2.50.	As miscellanies go, this is one of the most miscellaneous of all time, with Rossini's "Tancredi" Overture, Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla," and Verdi's "Nabucco" sharing groove space with the Straussian miniature. Ferenc Fricsay has the baton for the Rossini and Verdi pieces, and Fritz Lehmann conducts the Glinka. None of the orchestras is more than fair (the RIAS conducted by Fricsay is the best), and the recording tends to shrillish highs.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet." Franz Waxman conducting the Los Angeles Orchestral Society, with Jean Fenn, soprano, Raymond Manton, tenor, and Katherine Hilgenberg, mezzo-soprano. Capitol P-8189, $4.98.	How seriously Tchaikovsky meant this vocal adaptation of a portion of his overture to be taken is hard to say, for he left it unfinished, and even the editorial hand of Taneieff is amended by conductor Waxman who precedes the dueting voices with the beginning of the overture-fantasy (NOT utilized by Tchaikovsky). With it is a portion of the fourth act of Gounod's opera on Romeo and Juliet. Fine young voices, brightly reproduced. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Okay C.P., Also Wally Rose

COLE PORTER was once quoted in the lugubrious observation that while drama critics may know a good deal about the drama, that is no guarantee of their musical sensibility. The remark, of course, represents a composer's viewpoint. I could not help but be sympathetic with it when I read the comments of Walter F. Kerr, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, on the subject of "Can-Can," Porter's latest musical comedy. Mr. Kerr exhibited a regrettable lapse of understanding when he said: "No Porter score is hard to listen to; neither is this one. But it couldn't have been hard to write, either." Now I submit that Mr. Kerr is wholly entitled to ventilate whatever opinion he holds of the musical merits of Porter's tunes in "Can-Can," but I think he lacks a proper sense of his trade when he presumes to suggest what degree of effort has gone into the making of works of art, good, bad, or indifferent. Mr. Kerr should know that some of the most lamentable esthetic rubbish in history has been created only through the expenditure of a marvelous amount of steam, that some of the easiest-looking work in the fine arts represents a fantastic application to business, and—on the other hand—that a good deal of solemn and portentous utterance is, in reality, a sort of automatic gargling on the part of those who produce it.

I have had the "Can-Can" LP (Capitol S452) around the house now for ten days or so and find that while this performance by the Broadway cast is a long chalk from such an absolutely brilliant musical affair as "Kiss Me, Kate," the new item is a delightful melodious adventure, with fun and romance for all ages in the family. I would point out three especially juicy numbers: "C'est magnifique" (pastoral), "Allez-vous-en" (pastoral-comical), and "Never Give Anything Away" (tragical-comical-historical-pastoral). Also, there is a dandy piece of schmalz in "I Love Paris," and one of Porter's fetching investigations of the rhyming dictionary in the rattling "Can-Can" which ends the show. All in all, if there are no such sustained verbal gymnastics as have distinguished previous Porter enterprises, there is a lot of fine tunesmithing, some deliberately and effectively simple comedy, a bit of charmingly bogus Offenbach, and, in short, an LP made for pleasure. I may add that the French star Lilo has no such English locution as Ethel Merman but a powerhouse voice, especially *formidable* in the lower register.

ONE of the best-known jazz pianists on the Pacific Coast is Wally Rose, who has just issued an LP of "Ragtime Classics" (Good Time Jazz GTJ L-3). I have been struck by a quote on the jacket from Nesuhi Ertegun, lecturer on jazz at UCLA. "Ragtime is a piano style, developed in the last two decades of the nineteenth century, which makes constant use of syncopation. It is *composed* music for the piano, to be played as written. The compositions have three or four strains, and should be performed with a classical touch. It takes an academically trained pianist with excellent technique to play ragtime correctly. The folk-plantation roots of ragtime and its Negro character are generally overemphasized. In essence, it is much more white than Negro music, and the greatest Negro ragtime composers had classical training. The minstrel show is where ragtime began and developed, and pure ragtime is much closer, actually, to European vaudeville music than it is to the blues, worksongs, or spirituals."

Wally Rose, a forty-year-old native of Oakland, California, is splendidly equipped to illustrate this lecture. A classically trained pianist and piano teacher, he has led a musical double life, also being associated with the California jazz bands of Lu Watters, Bob Scobey, and Turk Murphy. On the new LP he plays eight ragtime beauties, with rhythm background by Turk Murphy on the washboard and Bob Short on the tuba. The numbers include four of Scott Joplin's great rags: "Easy Winners" (1901), "The Cascades" (the reference is to the Cascades of Lights at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904), "Gladiolus Rag" (1907), and "Pineapple Rag" (1908). Then there are James Scott's "Frog Legs Rag" (1906), Henry Lodge's "Red Pepper Rag" (*circa* 1910), and two of Jelly Roll Morton's most famous works, "The Pearls" and "King Porter Stomp," which are not considered proper ragtime by the purists but which certainly derive from the idiom and are hugely admired.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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The Later Schoenberg

By Arthur Berger

RUMINATING over the season just past, Virgil Thomson recently observed in the *New York Herald Tribune* that the cause of "twelve-tone style, or atonality in general," is won, that its proponents have "penetrated the impregnable defenses of orchestral concerts," and that the modern music groups organized for its performance have accomplished their mission and are thus ready to "expire." No doubt Mr. Thomson would be reinforced in this belief by the two new Schoenberg LP's issued within the space of a few months and providing a sampling of a number of different stages of his career—the one featuring "A Survivor from Warsaw" for speaker, male chorus, and orchestra (Columbia ML 4664, $5.45) and the other, the Piano Concerto (Period LP 568, $5.95).

I cannot help thinking, however, that there is more than a little wishful thinking in Thomson's view of things and that these LP's are more like little feelers for peace than the conquests of victory. Schoenberg's advocates will agree they are far better than nothing—the dearth of his music on available records being what it is.

The two new LP's might seem more like a victory if our feelings were less mixed concerning them. "A Survivor" suffers from its embarrassing spoken text—so highly amplified, moreover, that the Vienna Symphony under Hans Swarowsky is a distant murmur. And the Piano Concerto does not have the benefit of an outstanding reading. But if we fortify ourselves against both obstacles, we find much that is very remarkable indeed.

One of his very last works, composed in 1947, "A Survivor," like the string trio of the year before, represents the highest development of its composer's phenomenal ear for the most striking, even startling, timbres. They are achieved within radically dissociated figures that seem impulsively released from a projectile, but are actually highly organized. In a way, this work is purer, more concise that the trio, and the orchestra naturally provides broader scope, spreading out from such devices as the ominous tapping of the wooden part of the bow on the strings (found in the trio too) to screeching, trilling high woodwinds or insistent high xylophone.

The words, written by the composer, are undeniably sincere, deeply felt, even moving in their way, embodying the reminiscences of a Jew who had been prisoner in the Warsaw sewers and on the threshold of a Nazi gas chamber. Having escaped to tell the tale, he recalls how the victims, on the point of death, "all started to sing as if prearranged the old prayer they had neglected for so many years, the forgotten creed." The piece culminates on the "Shema Yisroel"—"Hear, Israel, the Lord Our God, the Lord is One"—incorporated with decided authenticity for male chorus singing in unison and supported by trombone. Either because Schoenberg fails to blend chorus with orchestra as well as he blends speaker with it, or because he diminishes the orchestral texture where he should reinforce it, this section does not achieve the power it should. It may be, also, why the work leaves one with the sense that it has ended too quickly—or perhaps the dramatic conception under ideal conditions would call for more than seven minutes' duration.

The unabashed realism of the words is in distinct contrast to the music, which is all condensation, distillation of feeling, and abstract in the sense that the essence of feeling is something we never apprehend directly in daily life. Anyone with discrimination and high literary and artistic standards will be promptly warded off by the words, and to them my only advice is to make the effort to concentrate as much as possible on the extraordinary music that lies beyond them, for it will be well worth the effort.

The brevity of "A Survivor," even if it involves a sense of the work being unduly truncated, is something we devoutly welcome after listening to the other works on this Columbia LP, namely, "Kol Nidre" of 1938 (also for speaker, chorus, and orchestra) and the Second Chamber Symphony, composed mostly from 1906 to about 1911, but not actually finished until 1940. Composed for a Jewish organization, the "Kol Nidre" belongs to the category of music that certainly does honor to a house of worship, and for the Schoenberg of 1938 it falls surprisingly into the accepted mold. We are informed that it employs twelve-tone devices—which only goes to prove that it is not the twelve-tone system itself which determines the modernism of style, but the way it is used and the direction in which the ear guides it.

In many ways the Chamber Symphony, which in its essential conception even antedates Schoenberg's so-called "atonal" period, is more advanced than the "Kol Nidre." The long string lines are just around the corner from those in "Transfigured Night," but more elusive. The second movement, upon which Schoenberg did some work in recent years, is unique for him, with repeated-note accompaniments such as one finds in Prokofiev and figures like those in Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes." The result, with Schoenberg's stamp on it, is quite fascinating.

WITHIN the terms of Schoenberg's own style, the Concerto makes remarkable concessions to the tradition of piano virtuosity established for the genre by Liszt. We do not consider a Rachmaninoff concerto representatively performed unless it is a first-class virtuoso who does it. Claude Helffer, who performs it on the Period LP under the direction of René Leibowitz, is not such a virtuoso, and the result may only be considered an approximation. Neither in the piano nor in the accompaniment is there the nuance and delicacy that are so essential to twelve-tone music. The lovely Piano Pieces, Opus 11, and the Suite, Opus 25, certainly one of the little masterworks of our century, similarly lack nuance in their performance on the reverse side by Michael Field, who is, nevertheless, firm and accurate. How one misses in all three works the unsurpassed loveliness and perception of Steuermann's approach.

Next to the orchestration of "A Survivor" the orchestration of the Piano Concerto is relatively traditional, and though its piano style shares much with that of the suite, its rhythms are more symmetrical. Even in its advanced use of twelve-tone technique it conveys a somewhat tonal feeling, an aura of E-flat, established by the descending fourth of the motif. Written in 1943, it dates from a sobering period in Schoenberg's development. It is surely one of his most successful works and its beauties shine through the limitations of the present performance, which are mostly evident in the more active sections.

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In Accents True

Shakespeare as Burbage might have spoken it and Sandburg as Sandburg does speak it are the subjects of this review by Philip H. Gray, associate professor of English literature at Scripps College.

By Philip H. Gray

WHAT reader, or viewer, of Shakespeare has not sometimes daydreamed himself onto a gallery bench at The Globe and tried to imagine what the "real" "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" was like, with the familiar lines heard in the accents of Richard Burbage, and perhaps of the author himself? It now appears that the accent was not a little like Barry Fitzgerald's, and that the Abbey Players are the likeliest living interpreters of Shakespeare—at least vocally.

Professor Kökeritz, of Yale University, after "a penetrating analysis of every scrap of relevant evidence in Shakespeare's plays and poems and in contemporary works on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century spelling and pronunciation," has recently written a book, "Shakespeare's Pronunciation" (Yale University Press), which he illustrates with an LP recording of readings (Columbia TV 19232-3, $5). Here are thirteen of the obvious anthology pieces: two sonnets, and rhetorical highlights from comedy, history, and tragedy. The very familiarity of the lines heightens the oddness of the rich Irish overtones. From Portia, we hear that "marsy sayzuns justice"; and Macbeth reflects on the irony of "oor pizened chalice," and his ambition which o'erlaps itself."

This Hibernian cast to Elizabethan English should surprise no one who remembers that the Irishman today speaks as he does partly because his forebears learned to speak English from the conquerors across the channel in the sixteenth century and somewhat later. By a phonetic law observed by colonies generally in history, today's Anglo-Irish is a living fossil of a language that subsequently, with more cultural vigor, developed beyond that point in the mother country.

Even now we are probably not quite listening to Richard Burbage in the person of Professor Kökeritz. He himself confesses "sporadic lapses into modern standard forms." Nor is Professor Kökeritz's own speaking voice, as it offers us a brief introduction to the readings, precisely standard American. In the interest of a scholarly attention from his listener, moreover, he speaks more slowly than the "two hour traffic" of the Elizabethan stage could have allowed, and he speaks as an elocutionist rather than an actor. Yet for all these hindrances to perfection, Professor Kökeritz offers the tribe of English teachers a useful tool and the Shakespeare-loving part of the public a familiar dish with an old and piquant sauce.

IF we listen to Burbage-cum-Kökeritz with reservations, we have none—of that sort, at least—in hearing Carl Sandburg read sixteen of his own poems in a new Decca release (DL 7541, $3.85). This is right from the horse's mouth—and a flexible and expressive mouth it is, with a range as wide as that of the animals and birds that go to make up Mr. Sandburg in his earthy poem of self-analysis, "Wilderness." Whatever one feels about some of Carl Sandburg's prose poems—a little naive in their impressionism for strictly contemporary taste?—one is not likely to hear these sixteen poems more tellingly rendered. The simple fervor and the interpretive range of his reading will discourage any ordinary mortal from attempting to read Sandburg for other ears than his own. Louis Untermeyer supplies a biographical "appreciation." Add this album to your collection of modern poets who, reading from the creator's heart, are helping to make the voice of today's poetry immortal.

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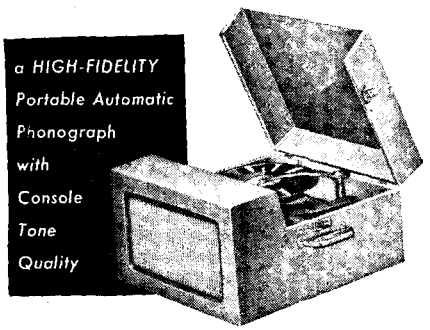

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MOZART:
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PEPUSCH:
Sonata in F Major

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Sonata in F Major

Lois Wann—Oboe, Alfred Mann—Recorder, Albert Mell—Violin, Edith Weiss Mann—Harpsichord. **WL 5214**

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Children at Play

By Oscar Brand

AMONG the documents in the Congressional Library's Archives of American Song is a sheaf of contributions carefully printed on lined paper with red, blue, and yellow crayon. These are songs and games submitted by American children, who usually note before their signatures, "Nine years old," or "I am six." One little girl warns, "I am only four."

The rhymes and songs of childhood encompass a remarkable range of expression. There's the hardened chant of the Hell's Kitchen urchin upon seeing his natural enemy—"Brass buttons, blue coat. Couldn't catch a nanny-goat." There's the popular small-town, rope-skipping chant that sounds like a moralizing Western movie:

> Little Spanish dancer, do the split, *split, split*
> Little Spanish dancer, give a kick, kick, kick
> Little Spanish dancer, turn around, 'round, 'round
> Little Spanish dancer, you better get out of town. . . .

An even more precocious sophistication can be observed in "Sucking Cider," a children's camp song, in which the singer finds himself engaged, married, the father of sixteen children, and the victim of a shrewish mother-in-law, just because he joined a young lady "sipping cider through a straw."

Wherever there are paved sidewalks there are children walking unevenly to the sound of "Step on a crack, break your mother's back." How many of us have observed, with fearful comprehension, an angry juvenile carefully stepping on every indentation in the local sidewalk.

Sometimes the simplest rhymes have meanings hidden from the gamester himself. Take the unassuming counting-out chant:

> Haly maly tippery two
> Hocus pocus dominocus, out goes Y-O-U.

According to adult authorities, "Haly maly" is the "Hail, Mary" of the Church, and "dominocus" refers to the sacred "Domine." "Hocus pocus," shared with magicians for hundreds of years, derives from the ritual of the mass with its impressive "Hoc est corpus."

There are very few commercial recordings which have exploited this far-ranging area of youthful expression. The Congressional Library has two twelve-inch 78-rpm records on the subject—LC4, "Afro-American Blues and Game Songs"; and LC9, "Play and Dance Songs and Tunes." Now Folkways Records brings us "1, 2, 3, and a Zing Zing Zing, Street Games and Songs of the Children of New York City" (*Folkways FP 703).

The material in this LP was recorded by Tony Schwartz during the summer and fall of 1952. The presentation has a disorderly charm about it, as if one of the gamin performers had organized the recording. The headings, "Clap Games, Jump Rope Camp Songs, etc.," are arbitrary, since—as Mr. Schwartz points out—"the selections are often used by the children for several games . . ."

The performers are often delightfully interrupted by fascinating street sounds. At one point a small extrovert demonstrates his bugle-blowing ability while the microphone is trying to record a ring game. At other times intrusive smaller children—from four years down—shout out comments intended for posterity and LP record collectors.

One recording, made in a New York City Public School, features the flawless singing of Puerto Rican children—in perfect parody of their elders; but I wonder whether their singing of a popular ballad written by some Puerto Rican prototype of a Tin Pan Alley composer deserves inclusion in such an album. The last selection, "Rhythm," presents some intricate bongo rhythms played by boys "from thirteen to seventeen years old." These too are not particularly appropriate for an LP featuring "The Street Games and Songs of the Children of New York City."

Nevertheless, there is plenty of material here for the record collector and the folklorist. And more is on the way. Folkways promises to issue another album of children's games sung by children in recordings by Harold Courlander. And we are certain that Tony Schwartz still has a few thousand feet of tape full of big city singing by municipal minors.

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Continued from page 49

istic refinement, the not too substantial "Arpeggione" Sonata of Schubert, and Fournier performs, very beautifully, a miscellany made up of Saint-Saëns's "Swan," the Debussy "Rêverie," a Boulanger "Nocturne," etc.

Beecham's Bantock

BANTOCK: *"Fifine at the Fair." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (HMV LHMV 1026, $5.95.)

THIS being unquestionably a British month in records (see pages 48 and 49), it is instructive to observe the well-known lion not merely in the imperial mood of Walton, the ingratiating one of Coates, the pensive one of Delius, and the poetic one of Vaughan Williams, but also in the questing one of Bantock. Considering that Bantock is a composer known to most of us largely for an overture called "Pierrot of the Minute," and such other *oeuvres* as "Dancing Dolls," "Desert Caravan," "Elfin Revels," and "Twilight in the East," it is close to astonishing to find him (as of 1911) delivering a work of major proportions.

However, it should astonish no one with a respect for the Beecham musicality to learn that if Sir Thomas puts himself out to record a work which occupied eight sides in its conventional 78-rpm form, it is probably worth listening to once, and possibly more.

What we hear from Bantock is a decided musical urge, influenced in part by Liszt, somewhat by Strauss, but always with a contour and profile of his own. How much the Browning poem which underlies this effort is actually a part of its effect is hard to say; save to say that any subject involving as much conflict, occasional points of rest, and stimulations to climax would serve it as well. No doubt closer appreciation will come with familiarity.

In terms of Beecham, this is a performance of unflagging energy, keen valuation of the orchestral expression involved, and unquestionable mastery of the musical content of the score. As an accredited exponent of Liszt, Offenbach, and Strauss, Beecham could be expected to honor these ingredients in the present project. Above and beyond everything else, however, he makes the total singularly suggestive of an individual named Bantock. Very satisfactory sound, both in mass and in detail.

Mozart by a Master

MOZART: *Symphonies in E flat (No. 39) and G minor (No. 40). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4674, $5.45.)

WHILE claiming virtue in the case of Weingartner's Wagner (see page 48), I acknowledge the blame implied in a heightened esteem for Beecham's treatment of the E flat Symphony which when new seemed a rather inert, unvital performance. Some reason for this became apparent somewhat later, when the gentleman in charge advised me that it was made during one of the worst blitz periods, all hands having been awake for thirty-six hours running.

However, the opportunity for revaluation suggests that the lack must have been in the processing, for the enhanced sound of this LP gives back a Mozart of seemly proportions and abundant animation in the finale. It is, at best, rather tubby and confined sound, due, possibly, to the conditions above-mentioned, but it carries a stronger mixture of Mozart than was heard before.

It is particularly instructive to hear the two works in the order listed, for it is, by contrast with his feeling for the more formal E flat, that Beecham's treatment of the G minor attains the strongest harmony with the composer's impulse. Certainly this is one of the most precisely rhythmic statements of the work (especially the slow movement) one could hear, but it remains melodically plastic. Not better than second-class sound by current standards, but well worth attention for the musical values conveyed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Review Resume

ALBENIZ: "Iberia" (orch. Arbos). George Sebastian conducting l'Orchestre de l'Association des Concerts Colonne. Urania LP 7085. *SR* July 4.

BEETHOVEN: Trios, Opus 9. Jean Pougnet, Frederick Riddle, and Anthony Pini. Westminster WL 5198. *SR* July 11.

GRANADOS: "Spanish Dances." Jose Echaniz, piano. Westminster WL 5181. *SR* July 4.

LUIS MARAVILLA RECITAL. Westminster WL 5194. *SR* July 4.

GERMAINE MONTERO RECITAL. Vanguard VRS 7001. *SR* July 4.

CARLOS MONTOYA RECITAL. Remington R 199-134. *SR* July 4.

MOZART: Divertimento in E flat (K.563). Jean Pougnet, Frederick Riddle, and Anthony Pini. Westminster WL 5191. *SR* July 11.

SCHUBERT: String Quartets Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5204. *SR* July 11.

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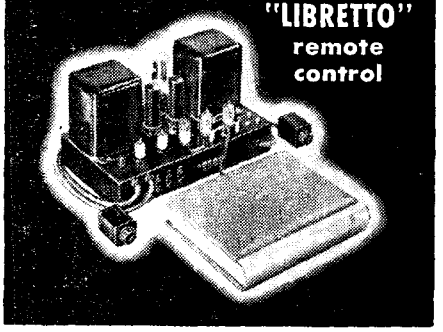

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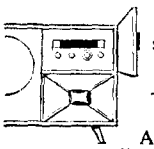

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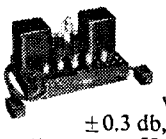

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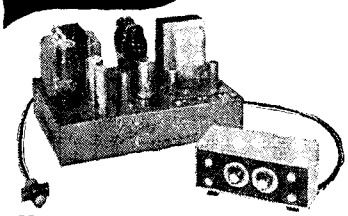

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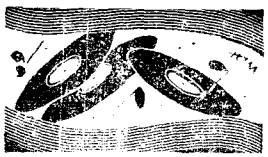

Jazz, Native and Imported

JAZZ musicians these days appear to be reverting to danceable tempos, and a new "swing era" may be in the making. During the first "swing era," when the big dance bands captured the imagination of a generation, these bands derived much of their excitement, and certainly their distinction, from the musical dynamism of their leaders. Today the kids buy records by such dance bands as Ralph Flanagan, Ralph Marterie, Ray Anthony, Les Brown, and Billy May, but few are aware that these men play instruments. None of them is an unusual soloist, none of them has claimed the dancers' devotion like Goodman, Shaw, or the Dorseys.

The frantic bop and the desperately relaxed "cool" jazz styles have just about run their course, and the new school's emphasis is on "making it swing." When music does this it becomes especially danceable, and there's certainly a broader acceptance for a music that can be felt, even though not universally understood. A whole new group of "super stars" is currently developing. These are legitimately trained musicians capable of producing clean, warm, and exciting music. Prominent among the new names are a clarinetist—Tony Scott; a vibraharpist—Terry Gibbs; and a mellophone-trumpet virtuoso—Don Elliot.

Scott is especially daring in his complex solo-line anticipation of chord changes, as evidenced in a new Brunswick long-player, MUSIC AFTER MIDNIGHT (BL-58040). The four selections that comprise this set are not studio recordings, but informal performances tape-recorded by a hobbyist at Minton's Playhouse, reputed workshop of modern jazz. Here is an expansion of the ideas advanced in the early Forties by the Goodman Sextet—thoughtful, intimate, yet intense, driving jazz, played with a good mutual feel for timbre, except for some perhaps unavoidable emphasis on the drummer's high-hat cymbal.

With Scott are a new pianist-arranger, Dick Katz, and the veteran ex-Calloway bass man Milton Hinton. Philadelphia Joe Jones (as distinguished from Kansas City Jo Jones) is the drummer. Two of the original "tunes" are almost as interesting as the remarkable solo playing of Scott, Katz, and Hinton. "Katz' Meow," aptly subtitled "A Canon for Cats," is an intriguing contrapuntal bit from which the solos take off and then return to quite logically. Scott's "After After Hours" is a fluid jazz melody with a strong Basie flavor.

Brunswick is recording Scott and Gibbs with small "big" bands, and the latter's first release, with an eight-piece "sextet," is CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL (80219). It's a colorful side arranged by another of the new "functional" jazz men, Johnny Mandel. The color of Gibbs's vibes more than compensates for the complete absence of reeds.

BRUNSWICK, a subsidiary label of Coral, which is in turn a subsidiary of Decca, is presently one of the foremost producers of jazz-flavored discs, with a program directed by the long-standing jazz connoisseur Bob Thiele. In addition to sponsoring new talent (in a manner reminiscent of Decca's early days), Thiele has packaged a valuable LP series of historic jazz sides and also has staged several audience-attended concerts for his Jazztime USA series, on the order of Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic. Outstanding among the reissues are four numbers by Art Tatum and his band included in BATTLE OF JAZZ, VOL. 2 (BL 58038). The battle must be ruled "no contest," since the reverse side by Zutty and His Band is pretty dull stuff, even for addicts of the New Orleans idiom. Pianist Tatum cut this date in 1941, employing the great Joe Turner as vocalist on "Last Goodbye Blues" and "Wee Baby Blues." Trumpeter Joe Thomas and clarinetist Ed Hall may be heard in excellent form on "Stompin' At the Savoy." Hall shows up again with his own Swing Sextet in BATTLE OF JAZZ, VOL. 4 (BL 58042), a series of previously unissued performances from 1944. But this time he loses the decision by a hair to the pioneer trombonist Miff Mole, who with his Dixieland Orchestra occupies the overside. This group also dates from 1944, and the personnel includes such favorites as Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Sterling Bose. Mole apparently improves with age. The program includes "Ballin' the Jack," "If I Had You," etc.

Mat Matthews is a jazz accordionist, recently arrived here from Holland. He plays a unique in-

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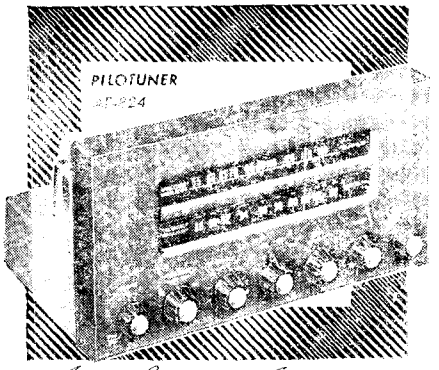

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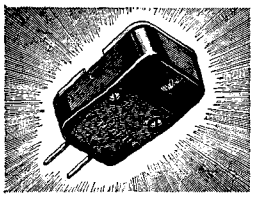

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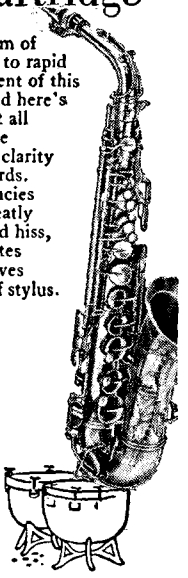

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strument that produces a tone of surprising sweetness, and he plays with that feeling for mood peculiar to a small group of jazz musicians. This is illustrated in a jiggy OWL EYES (Bruns 86229), which several Manhattan disc jockeys have been wearing white in recent weeks.

So apparently the "jazz feeling" is no longer exclusively American. A British pianist, Ralph Sharon, arrived in the USA the same week London released his album SPRING FEVER (London LB 733). The tunes all pertain to spring, and Sharon maintains an appropriately light touch, but his ideas are most tasty, and he swings. His appeal should be general. Prestige has imported some Swedish masters featuring BENGT HALLBERG with Trio and Quartet (Prestige LP 145), and this pianist compares favorably with any of our own modern keyboard giants. Featured with him on the Quartet sides is the alto saxman Arne Domnerus, who plays pure Parkerisms with a gorgeous tone.

Sack-clothed, sandal-footed Moondog earns his living playing unusual music on unusual instruments on the streets of Manhattan. Although he has a primitive sort of lyre and several tuned gongs, his forte is rhythm, jazz mixed with oriental, and it can become interesting if not really exciting. One EP disc, MOONDOG ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, was actually recorded on the streets (Mars MREP-A2). The other available issue, MOONDOG (Bruns 86000), was cut at a jazz concert. If you're intrigued by Hindu music, these improvisations in 5/4 and 7/4 time may be your dish.

RCA Victor has come by a plum in several of Fats Waller's last recordings, cut in 1943 for Government V-Discs. These have been released for the general market on a single Extended Play 45-rpm disc entitled simply FATS (EPA 449). On one side the master entertainer pumps organ solos of "Motherless Child" and "Solitude." The reverse holds four tunes from "Early to Bed," a musical for which Fats composed the score. He sings these and plays them on the piano, making them sound much better than they really are.

A remarkable vocal side comes from Prestige, a company dealing exclusively with modern jazz, such as the Hallberg disc noted above. The voice is that of Annie Ross, who happens to be Ella Logan's niece. Miss Ross has set words to a solo once played by saxophonist Wardell Gray. Her narrative concerns a visit to her analyst, and the title appropriately is TWISTED (Prestige 794). Don't miss this one! —BILL SIMON.

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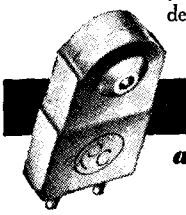

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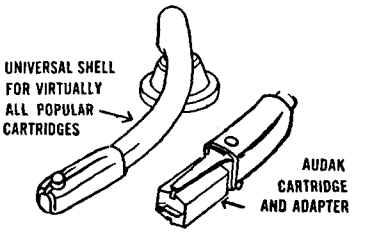

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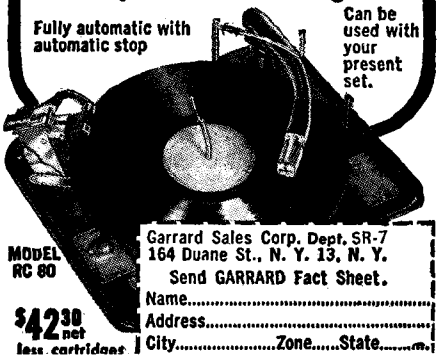

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THE eagerly awaited gala première of Benjamin Britten's "Gloriana" took place at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden on June 8 and succeeded in provoking quite a "storm in a teacup" (or in a Coronation Goblet, if you prefer). Covent Garden had not seen a full-fledged operatic gala for several decades, and "Gloriana" is very different fare from that which used to be served up on such occasions: selected acts from celebrated operas, chosen to display the talents of singers like Melba, Caruso, Scotti, and others. An audience so bejeweled and bemedaled as that which assembled on June 8, one which had, for the most part, come to be seen rather than to listen, could hardly have been expected to take an intelligent interest in an unfamiliar work, and "Gloriana" was all but killed by the chill reception accorded it on the first night.

Punch brilliantly satirized the occasion when it referred to "the cast, stacked in a series of straight flushes —royal, cabinet, and diplomatic— around the circles. . . . Gloriana the Second sailed to the center of her stage with smooth and glittering assurance, followed by her consort and her sister and Gloriana the Queen Mother. . . . The cast applauded. The lights went down. The first act was over. . . . In the intervals an opera was performed." I also like a snatch of conversation, overheard during one of the intervals. First Elderly Military Gentleman: "How d'ye like the music?" Second E.M.G.: "I suppose it's all right. Well, as I was saying, there were two elephants. . . ."

Unhappily, there were critics among that audience, and the outcome of the evening was the most unfavorable press Britten has yet known. Some papers did not merely criticize the composer but took the opportunity to belabor the Arts Council for wasting public money on such an obvious "flop" and to deliver a personal attack on the Earl of Harewood, who, being on the board of Covent Garden as well as a personal friend of Britten and a cousin of the Queen, perfectly fitted the rôle of "éminence grise" behind "Gloriana."

For my own part I am grateful that I was able to see "Gloriana" twice as well as to listen to two broadcasts before having to commit myself in print. The opera has its weak points, to be sure; Britten was evidently torn between the pageantry demanded by the royal occasion and the personal drama of Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex; but at the same time it is also a work of considerable distinction, one which may well prove to be his most successful opera since "Peter Grimes." The score shows some signs of the speed at which it was completed, yet it contains, besides much that is merely ingenious, some hauntingly beautiful music. Before next season Britten might do well to revise it, removing one superfluous scene (a Masque presented before Elizabeth by the citizens of Norwich) and reworking the ending with its unsatisfactory recourse to melodrama.

DURING the past month a number of American singers have scored notable successes in England. Among these I should like to include Maria Callas (she was, after all, born in New York), whose Norma has grown in stature even since last autumn and whose Leonora in "Il Trovatore" bore the true stamp of greatness. I have yet to hear a recording which does anything like justice to this remarkable soprano. At Glyndebourne we have had an outstanding production of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" to which the USA contributed a fine Ariadne (Dorothy Dow) and perhaps the best Zerbinetta since Ivogün (Mattiwilda Dobbs), while Central Europe was worthily represented by the enchanting Composer of Sena Jurinac. At the Royal Festival Hall on June 16 the Roger Wagner Chorale from Los Angeles not only brought with them a most interesting program ranging from Vittoria to George Antheil, but also treated Londoners to a superb exhibition of virtuoso choral singing. The soloist in Act II of Gluck's "Orfeo" and in excerpts from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette" was the mezzo Nan Merriman, who, some five weeks earlier, had scored a great success with her first London recital, winning enthusiastic plaudits from public and press alike.

Within two weeks of June 2, HMV's recording of the Coronation Service—on three LP discs—was on sale: a remarkable achievement considering the time it usually takes to process records. It is a most impressive historical document in sound, full of splendid music (notably Handel's glorious anthem "Zadok the Priest" and Walton's fine "Te Deum," the latter specially composed for the occasion) and excellently recorded. Apart from this tour de force, EMI's latest issues are rather meager though they include one or two fine Beethoven discs. On Columbia Karajan and the Philharmonia give an impressive account of the "Eroica," while on HMV we have the LP version of the "Emperor" Concerto in the already familiar, dignified performance by Edwin Fischer and the Philharmonia under Furtwängler. The same conductor's ponderous reading of the Fourth Symphony (with the Vienna Philharmonic) is now also available on LP, and yet another Beethoven record features rather colorless performances by Menuhin and Kentner of the Sonatas Opus 12, Nos. 1 and 3.

Decca has begun to issue "Medium Play" 33⅓-rpm discs, the first list containing most of the items already available in the States on the LD series. As in the USA, these records cost just less than half the price of a twelve-inch LP. They promise to be extremely popular and will no doubt soon force EMI to put "Extended Play" 45's on the market here.

The coming autumn is likely to bring forth such a flood of new LP's as will make last year's stream seem a mere rivulet by comparison. Philips will almost certainly enter the fray before Christmas, Nixa has just issued the first Westminster recordings, and now the Monarch company has announced that it will begin to release Czech Supraphon LP's next month. This last development is as interesting as it is unexpected; among the works mentioned for this autumn are "Rusalka," "Dalibor," and "The Bartered Bride." When we add all this to the normal EMI and Decca releases—with Decca continuing to expand its Brunswick and Capitol catalogues at an alarming rate—as well as to Nixa's other commitments (Period, Concert Hall, Haydn Society, Polymusic, etc.) and the many fine Vox discs now reaching us, it will be seen that the LP boom in this country is likely this winter to reach a point beyond which it will be a case of the survival of the fittest—the healthiest companies, the most prudent of gramophiles, and the hardiest record reviewers.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

SOURCES OF SCORES

MAY I ADD "Amen" to the article by R. D. Darrell on following the printed score while listening to the music [*SR* May 30]? This undoubtedly adds a new element of enjoyment to music. An inevitable "however" raises its head. Where does one acquire such scores? I know of those offered by the Lea people. The repertoire, though, is small and the selection limited. What we need are scores for the larger-scale orchestral works. . . . Is there any place of which you know that can supply these scores? If so, kindly tell us in your next issue.

GENE PACK.

Salt Lake City, Utah

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Virtually all of the standard orchestra literature, as published by the Eulenberg firm before the war, has now been restored to currency. Much the same is true of the Philharmonia edition. These can be obtained through most large music stores in metropolitan areas.*

FLAGSTAD CAN, FLAGSTAD DO?

IF YOU HEARD Kirsten Flagstad on a recent Sunday afternoon in the radio broadcast, from Bergen, Norway, of the "Liebestod" and "Immolation Scene," any doubt you and Max de Schauensee had about . . . top notes would be wiped out. In fact, to right a wrong it would be fair to note this in a future issue.

LLOYD V. WEIDNER.

Hagerstown, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The question raised by Mr. De Schauensee and echoed by the editor was not* could *Flagstad, but* did *Flagstad? In other words, no one questioned her ability to sing any note in a Wagner score when she was vocally in full stride. The question was whether she did or did not in the particular recording at issue.*

PAGING MONTAGU

IN ALL THE DISCUSSION of "The Natural Superiority of Women," by Ashley Montagu (most recently in the article titled "Are Women as Creative as Men?" in *SR* May 30, 1953), a vast silence has surrounded the contribution of women to the literature of music. Where is the female counterpart of Chabrier, not to mention Bizet, or Berlioz, or the other males who would be flattered by being mentioned in the same letter with the great B's? We pay honor, of course, to Morini and Maynor, Novaes and Hess, Traubel and Flagstad, but look in vain for any feminine composer who has edged into even the outer fringe of importance as a musical creator. Nor is it wholly related to opportunity. The works of Cécile Chaminade and Carrie Jacobs Bond ("The End of a Perfect Day") are as oft-performed as those of their male counterparts—but what counterparts! I should like to read Professor Montagu's contribution to this subject. Is the writing of music a special male trait, like steeplejacking, or is it merely that this kind of daydreaming is not suited to the feminine nature?

MACK J. WILSON.

Fresno, Cal.

TOSCANINI OPERAS

I WONDER IF YOU could tell me if RCA Victor has any plans in the near future for releasing . . . the Toscanini radio broadcasts of "Aida," "Falstaff," and "Fidelio"? I am interested particularly in "Fidelio."

DAVID JARRETT.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Both the "Falstaff" and "Otello" are active possibilities, with the latter due to appear before the end of the year. "Aida" is a more remote consideration, and apparently no likelihood, as of now, of "Fidelio."*

CONCERNING CASALS

I DO NOT AGREE with your correspondent Ernest E. Gottlieb [*SR* RECORDINGS May 30] as regards his opinion that Casals's refusal to play in countries friendly to Spain's present government is hypocritical; yet I do feel that this decision of "le maître" is decidedly open to question and perhaps a revaluation. The time has come, I believe, for a reconsideration of Tolstoy's pronouncements on the artist and his obligations. Surely, when this has been done, the paradox will arise: "Has Casals . . . the right to refuse to play, to exercise his wondrous, God-given powers?"

ROBERT STILWELL.

Columbus, Ind.

HUZZAHS FOR HOBSON

CAN'T GET ENOUGH of Wilder Hobson's intelligent, articulate writings on jazz. Can't he be persuaded to do a full-dress piece on the trombone fraternity, a subject for which he seems to have a special affinity?

ARNOLD PETERSON.

Jacksonville, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We hope one day to publish a doctorate thesis by Hobson titled "Around the Horn," detailing his personal observations on Mole, Morton, Teagarden, Orey, et al; but he reports his researches are not yet complete.*

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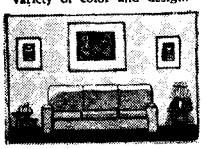

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